

PERMANENT FILE
The *American Legion Magazine* February - 1930
A **AMERICAN**
L **LEGION** *Monthly*

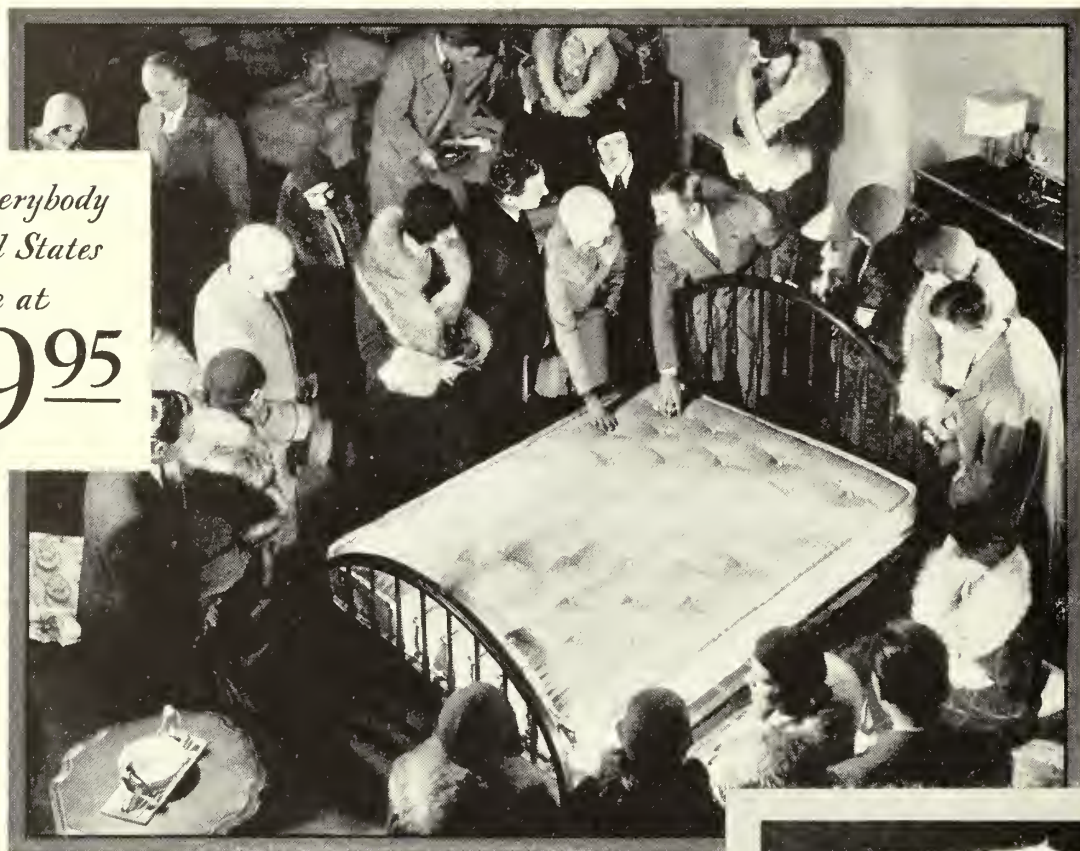


Beginning A Two-Part War Story
By **PETER B. KYNE**

A new Simmons Inner Coil Mattress

*Priced so everybody
in the United States
can have one at*

\$19⁹⁵



Hundreds are flocking to see this marvelous new inner coil mattress

IT was a big revolutionary idea—the first mattress built with a heart of tiny, resilient coils that never could pack down like hair or cotton.

Always buoyant and springy!

The first Simmons Inner Coil Mattress instantly became famous—the Beautyrest. Wealthy women, the first to possess them, gladly came forward and publicly gave their praise of them. Everybody longed to know this wonderful night's rest which those who had tried it told about.

But there were millions for whom this extraordinary comfort was unattainable.

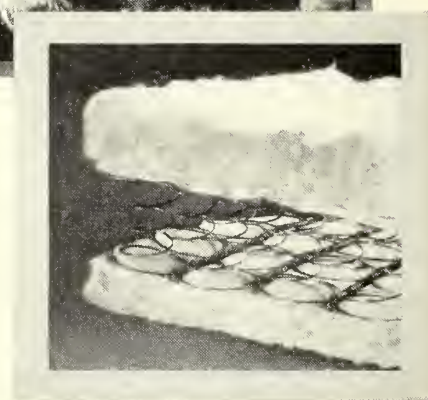
Now the Simmons Company has succeeded in producing another inner coil mattress, second only to the Beautyrest,

and far in advance in comfort over cotton, felt or hair mattresses—but at a price that everyone can pay!

Here it is! Priced at only \$19.95, springy, buoyant coils and all! Soft upholstery, lovely coverings, the new colorings, smart tailored edges!

It is called the new Simmons “Deepsleep” Mattress. The moment you see it and touch it, you will know why nobody wants to buy the old-style mattresses any more!

Use it on the Simmons Slumber King Spring, or the Deepsleep Box Spring. The same store will show you all three. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Springy, buoyant coils buried in soft upholstery—this new Simmons “Deepsleep” Mattress can never pack down like hair or cotton!

Beautyrest Mattress \$39.50 · Ace Box Spring \$42.50 · Ace Open Coil Spring \$19.75
Deepsleep Mattress \$19.95 · Slumber King Spring \$12.00 · Deepsleep Box Spring \$27.50
Beds \$10.00 to \$60.00.

The New **SIMMONS “DEEPSLEEP” MATTRESS**

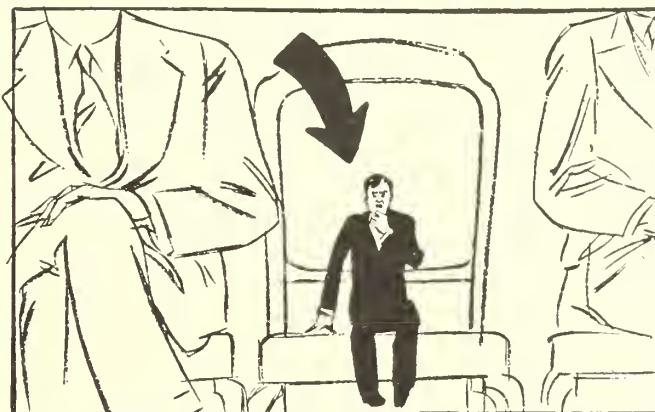
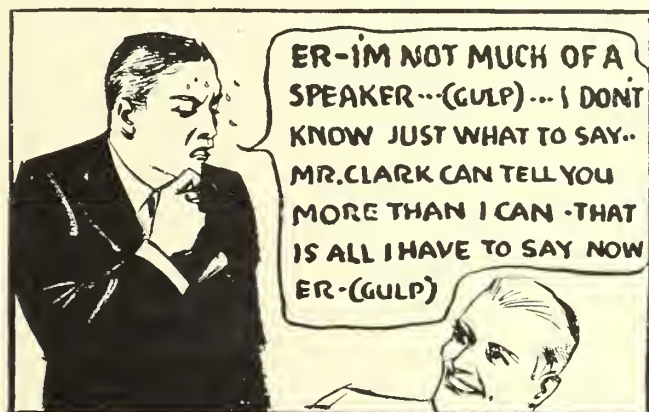
Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

... made by the makers of the famous Beautyrest Mattress

AGONIZING MOMENTS!



YOU'RE SITTING BACK AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD *and* SUDDENLY THE CHAIRMAN CALLS ON YOU AS THE SPEAKER



YOU GROPE FOR WORDS AND LIVE A LIFETIME OF MISERY CROWDED INTO FIVE MINUTES!

When Will This Happen to You?

If you were suddenly asked to address a group of men, how would you act? Would you be master of the situation? Your manner—would it be confident, well-poised, dominating? Could you cause a hushed silence and sway your audience at will? Face the situation now before it faces you! Send for this amazing free book, *How to Work Wonders with Words!*

C LIMBING ahead in business—winning popularity in social life—depends largely on the impression you make on people. Take two men of equal ability. One man is the silent type that sits back, speaks only when he's spoken to, acts nervous and self-conscious when he's called on to speak at length. The other man is a well-poised interesting talker. When he speaks, people stop talking to hear what he has to say. One man has ideas—the other has ideas plus the ability to put them over.

Analyze yourself right now. Do you know how to tell a funny story in a way that sends an uproar of laughter around the room? What do you know about the Laws of Conversation, of gesture, of emotion? When you're trying to explain a lengthy business proposition, does your talk hang together in a logical step-by-step way?

Modern educational authorities laugh off the old-fashioned ideas about "natural" speaking ability. You've probably heard the old "saw" yourself—the fellow with

the "gift of gab," "the natural orator," and all the rest of that poppycock. The fact is that any man of normal intelligence can quickly become a powerful speaker through a new simplified method explained here.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address board meetings
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition.
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker.
- How to develop your power of concentration.
- How to be the master of any situation

The Laws of Conversation

Knowing how to speak properly is simply another way of saying that you know the natural Laws of Conversation. And there is no mystery or magic about these fundamental factors of a successful speech. They are definitely charted in your mind. They direct your talk in a clear uninterrupted channel that keeps interest keyed up and wins conviction.

In a free book, entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, the North American Institute has outlined the Laws of Conversation. It explains how to acquire quickly the ability to address banquets, business conferences, lodges, etc.—how to become an interesting conversationalist; how to develop poise, personality, and magnetic

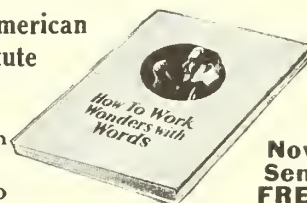
force; and how to banish timidity, self-consciousness and lack of confidence.

Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of a coupon.

North American Institute

Dept. 1522
3601
Michigan
Ave.

Chicago



Now Sent FREE

North American Institute, Dept. 1522,
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

MINNESOTA: The 32d State, admitted to the Union May 11, 1858. LaSalle and Father Hennepin, French explorers, visited the region in 1680. It was organized as a territory March 3, 1849, from land that had once been a part of the old Northwest Territory and of the province and the territory of Louisiana. The Indians stoutly fought the early white settlers who poured in especially from the Eastern States and soon after from the Scandinavian countries. As late as 1862 the Sioux Indians rose and, before army troops could subdue them, massacred 700 whites. Population, 1850, 6,077; (1928 U. S. est.) 2,722,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 34.1; 1910, 41.0; 1920, 44.1. Area, 84,862 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 20.5 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 17th in population, 11th in area, 29th in density. Capital, St. Paul (1928 U. S. est.),



358,162. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Minneapolis, 455,900; St. Paul; Duluth, 116,800. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$8,547,918,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), flour and grain mill products, \$177,390,781; slaughtering and meat packing output, \$123,570,743; wood pulp and lumber products, \$103,222,432; mineral output (1925), iron ore, stone, cement and clay products, \$110,252,956. All crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$506,020,233, the leaders being oats, corn, wheat, and livestock. The State is noted for its ten thousand lakes. Minnesota had 118,410 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1858, "L'Etoile du Nord"—"Star of the North."

Origin of name: Sioux for "Cloudy Water" or, "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water." Nicknames: Gopher, Northern-Star State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

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JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor
ALEXANDER GARDINER and JOHN J. NOLL, Associate Editors

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The Alexander Hamilton Institute

ANNOUNCES

New Executive Training for men who want to be independent in the next five years



THE next five years in American business will offer more opportunity *and more danger* than any similar period for a long time.

More men will achieve independence. More men who might achieve it will fail because of a failure properly to analyze the facts.

A right program will be more profitable than it has ever been. A wrong decision will be far more costly.

To put it in other words, the organization of business, the tempo of business, the speed of business are all in process of rapid change. The evidence is everywhere. In a brief period of thirty days between October 15th and November 15th, 1929, thousands of men who supposed that they were secure for life found themselves suddenly ruined. Thousands had their confidence so shaken that they are dazed and wondering. They have no plan. "What will happen to business in the next few years?" they are asking. "What program should we lay out for ourselves?"

The Institute foresaw the trend

Two years ago the Alexander Hamilton Institute, from its nation-wide contact with business leaders, sensed the tremendous

changes which were about to come, and began to make preparations to meet them.

The Institute's original Course and Service in business was a great Course and did a great work. More than 398,000 men made it a part of their business equipment, and are far ahead because they did.

But the Institute saw that revolutionary changes were in prospect. Little business units were being merged into big units. Industries were reaching out into foreign markets. *Security prices were about to become subject to a whole new set of conditions.* Production methods were being revolutionized. The sales organization and strategy of the past were entirely unfitted for the new competition. The responsibilities of guiding the new business could not be discharged by men whose training had been in the old.

The Institute said: "We must prepare a wholly new Course to meet the new conditions. We must add authorities whose business success belongs to the present, and not to the past. They must be the biggest and most successful men of the present—the men who will be the leaders during the coming five years."

Without regard to cost, the Institute went out to enlist the co-operation of the nation's business leaders. The response

was even beyond its most sanguine expectations. In effect, one and all these men said:

"The greatest need of all is for trained leadership. Count on us. Any contribution we can make to this New Executive Training will be a contribution to our own best interests, because it will furnish us with more of the sort of executives we need."

It is impossible in this page to give detailed facts about the New Course and Service. It is new from start to finish—so new that the latter part will not be entirely off the presses for some months. Every unit will come to you fresh and live and breathing—straight from the very inner sanctums of this new business world.

We invite you to send for the full facts in a new book entitled: "What an Executive Should Know." It is a volume that should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It is well worth an hour of your time. And it is free.

Send for your copy today. You cannot gain a proper perspective on what lies ahead unless you look at the picture through the eyes of the country's biggest men.

Alexander Hamilton Institute, 990 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto)

Please send me "What an Executive Should Know," which describes the new Modern Business Course and Service.

Name _____
Business _____ Business _____
Address _____ Position _____

NEW YORK *to* WASHINGTON *in* 23 HOURS

HENRY CARROLL, official courier of the envoys who had concluded negotiations at Ghent on the day before Christmas, brought the news of peace between Great Britain and this country. He landed at the Battery on Saturday evening, February 11, 1815, and betook himself to the City Hotel at Broadway and Cedar Street.

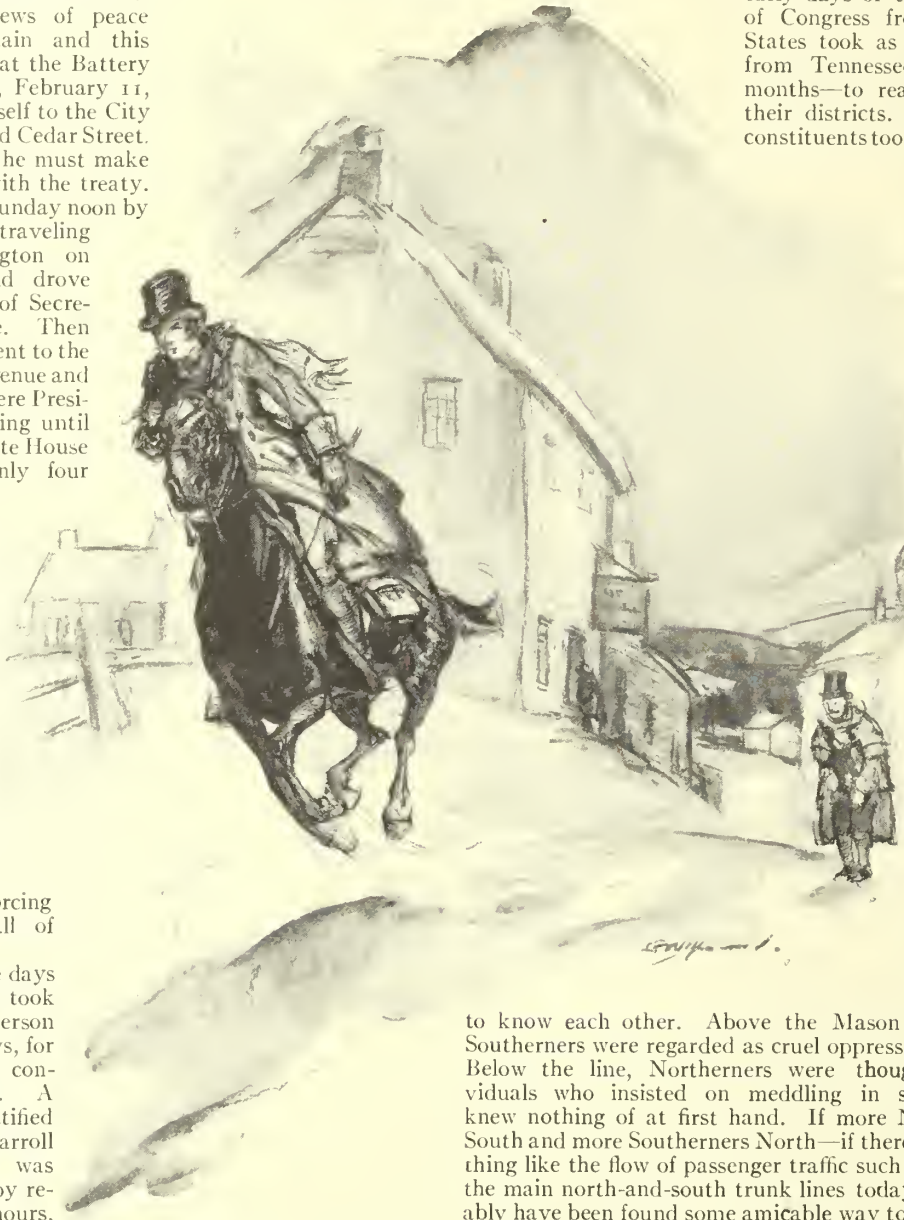
Naturally, though, he must make haste to the capital with the treaty. So he left New York Sunday noon by post-chaise. By fast traveling he reached Washington on Tuesday evening and drove straight to the home of Secretary of State Monroe. Then Monroe and Carroll went to the house at New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, where President Madison was living until damages done the White House by British troops only four months before could be repaired. Just five weeks before—two weeks after the peace had been signed, in fact, but a month before news reached this country—Major General Andrew Jackson had registered our only satisfactory victory on the land during the entire war, by defeating the British under Pakenham at New Orleans and forcing them to evacuate all of Louisiana.

It took time in those days for news to travel. It took even longer for a person than for a piece of news, for news could be carried continuously by relays. A copy of the treaty, ratified a few days after Carroll reached Washington, was rushed to New York by relays in twenty-three hours, a record that caused great comment. The ordinary passenger by ordinary stage-coach could not equal Mr. Carroll's speed. And as for freight, what little of it moved overland went by wagon at an unbelievably low speed and an unbelievably high cost.

The consequence was that people moved about very little. They stayed pretty much where they had originally been put, and did not see much of their fellow citizens from other parts of the country. A few men and women, principally the politicians who mingled at Washington and the merchants who met in the larger cities, had grown beyond sectional narrowness. But the population, because it could neither travel nor trade at any distance, suspected the inhabitants of every territory beyond the immediate neighborhood. Lack of transportation, as we today know transportation, nearly broke up our infant country.

That is why it is safe to say that we could not have had a single

By L.A. DOWNS
Decoration by L.F. Wilford



nation of the United States if it had not been for the railroad. Distances are too great for the old methods of transportation to surmount. In the early days of the republic, members of Congress from the more distant States took as much as a month—from Tennessee it was nearer two months—to reach Washington from their districts. Messages from their constituents took as long to reach them.

Communication and transportation are the arch-enemies of sectional dislike and suspicion. The greater the distances, the greater the need. Above all other nations the United States is dependent for its continued existence upon the railroads. Railroad transportation is part of the fabric of our national life.

Some statesman declared that if the railroads of those times had been built more in a north-and-south direction instead of almost exclusively east-and-west, the Civil War could not have taken place. The lack of understanding and forbearance which culminated in Fort Sumter was founded on the failure of the people, North and South,

to know each other. Above the Mason and Dixon line, all Southerners were regarded as cruel oppressors of helpless slaves. Below the line, Northerners were thought of as nosey individuals who insisted on meddling in something that they knew nothing of at first hand. If more Northerners had been South and more Southerners North—if there had taken place anything like the flow of passenger traffic such as daily characterizes the main north-and-south trunk lines today—there would probably have been found some amicable way to settle the differences.

Our railroads have ignored state lines and thus have helped weld us into a united nation. In Europe, on the other hand, most railroads were developed primarily for their military value. They ended at the borders, frequently their gages varied so that an enemy might not readily use them as a means of invasion. Our unity of railroad transportation has made possible an unparalleled unity of economic interest. The railroads have tied together what was originally thirteen States of widely different characteristics into a nation that constitutes an indissoluble economic unit. It is unthinkable, quite aside from patriotism, that the United States should be divided; the advantage to all of our citizens is too great in having a single nation.

No doubt because of the need, this country is better supplied with railroads than any other country that has distances comparable with ours. Without this service, our business would have to withdraw into isolated communities; our (Continued on page 38)

-and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!



300% Increase

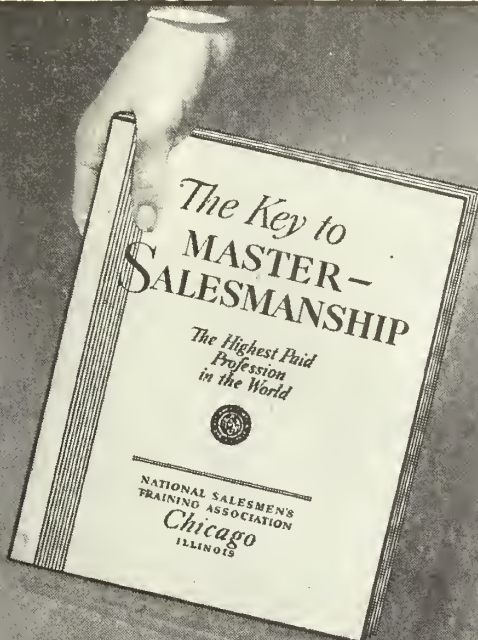
"My salary since I enrolled with the N. S. T. A. has increased over 300 per cent and I do not intend to stop at that. I was formerly employed in a Creamery, doing poorly-paid, unhealthy work. Now I have charge of 14 men, covering 4 states. Any one wanting to become a leader should take the N. S. T. A. course."

A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Ia.

From \$8 to \$125 a Week

"I came to this country in 1919, being for some time unable to speak or read the English language. I worked as a dishwasher at \$8.00 a week. My first selling job obtained through N. S. T. A. paid me \$50 a week. Now it is \$125. Two friends who said I was crazy to want to sell are still working in the restaurant."

Mark Barichevich, San Francisco, Cal.



\$7200 a Year

"At the time I started N. S. T. A. Training my income was less than \$100 per month. Now it is four times that. I feel that my income increase from \$100 to over \$7200 per year is mostly due to your excellent training methods. I also feel that your Employment Service is of great value to every student."

L. D. Mather, E. Cleveland, Ohio



600% Increase

Six years ago I was a stenographer. Now I am in the advertising business for myself, and my earnings have increased 600 per cent. The sales training and cooperation I received from the N. S. T. A. developed the self-confidence and ability that I needed to make good."

L. H. Lundstedt, Chicago, Ill.



Where Shall We Send Your Copy...FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains a most vivid and inspiring message that every ambitious man should read! It reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men from every walk of life into success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far-reaching has been the influence of this little volume that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed!"

This vital book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position!

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The men who have increased their earnings capacities as a direct result of "The Key to Master Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is J. M. Huppert, Grand Rapids, Mich., a \$23 a week plumber's apprentice, found selling furs easier and far more profitable than fixing leaks, after N. S. T. A. training. In three months he made more money than in two years at his old job.

And then there is J. A. Ferland, a former railroad man, who had very little education in English. But he found the answer within the pages of this book—it wiped away this and all other barriers. He now earns over \$5,000 a year and is on his way to make more.

Chas. H. Barth of Philadelphia, Penna., went from a life of want at \$600 a year to a life of plenty at \$6,000, through N. S. T. A. training. C. B. Sterling, of Leesburg, Florida, writes that he wouldn't take \$5,000 for what this course has done for him. He says, "Your training actually increased my income over 900%." Shortly after enrolling, he led the sales force of his company.

NOW—for a Limited Time Only—This Remarkable, Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! This Book Has Proved to Be the Turning Point in Hundreds of Successful Lives—Yours May Be Next! If You Ever Aspire to Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read "The Key to Master Salesmanship" Without Fail! It Will Open Your Eyes to Opportunities You Probably Never Dreamed of! Get Your Free Copy Now!

700% Increase

"Before taking this course of training several years ago my earnings were approximately \$15.00 per week doing photographic work. Through this training I was enabled to increase my earnings more than seven times in other lines of selling. It makes the hard ones easier to land and had I not already taken the course I would certainly enroll at once."—A. A. Fidler, Montgomery, Ala.

Twice the Income—One Quarter the Work

"There is practically no limit to what I could make through my acquired selling knowledge. If only I went after it, but as I am getting old and not compelled to work all the time I am satisfied to make less and have the selection of what I am to do. Yet I make more than twice the amount I did before graduation with only about one quarter the effort."—R. L. Horton, Grand Rapids, Mich.

From \$50 a Week to \$900 a Month

"Before I enrolled I thought \$50.00 per week was big money, but since I have had a thorough training as I needed, I have enjoyed an income of better than \$900.00 a month. Also when employing salesmen I always give N. S. T. A. men the preference over other salesmen as I know they are always trained up to the minute."—L. Van Houten, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man with average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved. For their experience proves that salesmen are made—not "born" as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system

of salesmanship training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never had a day's selling experience before acquiring this remarkable training have been extraordinarily successful, often beating the records of men with years of experience from the very first day.

Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "The Key to Master Salesmanship" you might hesitate. Learn the real facts about the selling profession, and about the tremendous demand for trained salesmen in every line, to fill city and traveling positions paying up to \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year. Last year this association received calls for over 50,000 N. S. T. A. members from Wholesalers, Manufacturers and Jobbers, ample proof of what the N. S. T. A. can do for its members—of what it stands ready and willing to do for you. "The Key to Master Salesmanship" tells the complete story in a vivid, inspiring way. A copy is yours for the asking, and your request entails no obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. Do it now!

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. B-22 N. S. T. A. Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. B-22, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligating me in any way, send a copy of your Free Book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and details of your System of Training and Free Employment Service.

Name

Address

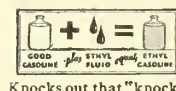
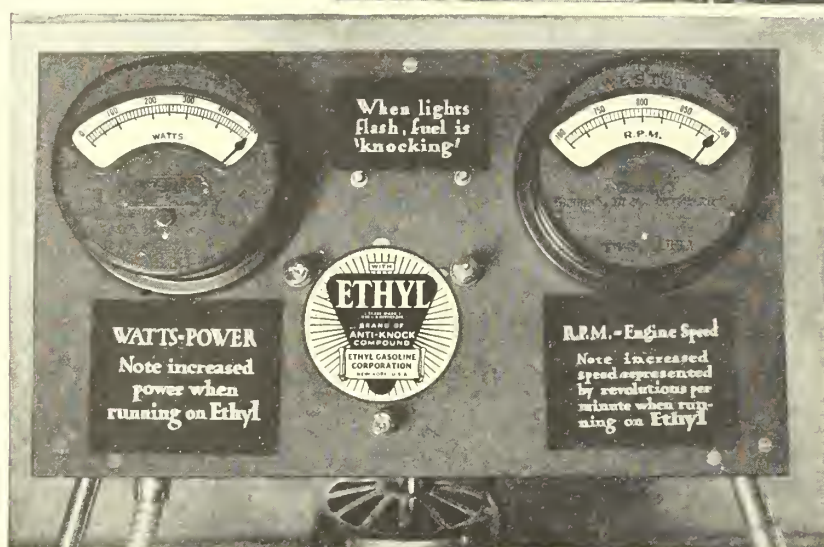
City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

The *proof* that Ethyl develops more power

Right: This is the instrument board of a knock-demonstration machine. The wattmeter (at the left) registers power. The tachometer (at the right) records engine revolutions per minute. When this picture was made, the engine was running on ordinary fuel.

Below: When the lower picture was taken, Ethyl had been fed into the carburetor. The wattmeter shows that the power has risen to the maximum; the tachometer shows a corresponding increase in revolutions per minute.



ETHYL GASOLINE

"SEEING is believing." These pictures of a knock-demonstration machine let you *see* how Ethyl Gasoline will increase the speed and power of your motor.

A simple valve switches the fuel from ordinary gasoline to Ethyl and back again. When Ethyl goes in, "knock" goes out, R.P.M.'s (engine revolutions per minute) increase, power goes up. That is how Ethyl improves motor car performance.

It is the Ethyl anti-knock compound in Ethyl Gasoline that makes the difference. This remarkable fluid was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after years of experiment to find an ingredient which would make gasoline a better fuel. Make this convincing

experiment in your own car. Use up the ordinary gasoline in the tank; then drive to a nearby Ethyl pump and fill your tank. You'll see and feel the difference.

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or the brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

© E. G. C. 1930

The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead.

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

OLD CROCKS

By
**PETER
B. KYNE**

Part One

WHEN the United States of America entered the World War in April, of 1917, there was a shuffling and sorting of records which had been accumulating dust for years in the office of the adjutant general at Washington. The Government had become acutely aware of the fact that it had a human scrap-heap, a quantity of obsolescent man-power represented by the retired list of the United States Army. As if he were a motor mechanic who has to have a repair part in a hurry to permit a customer to continue his journey in his new car, and who, accordingly goes back to the junk-pile in the rear of his shop and looks over the discarded automobiles piled there, Uncle Sam now looked over his retired list for old worn soldiers to help his new fighting machine to run.

A pathetic record, the retired list, for on it are men of all ages. There are the young men who have broken down in service, like a crank shaft that has crystallized; and old men who, like old cars, were still running when new models relegated them to the junk pile. There were men who had been crippled by wounds, cavalry mounts and pack mules; men with tropical livers and spleens, with diabetes and Bright's Disease, men who had commenced soldiering in their early 'teens, when service in the tropics counted double time toward retirement, and who had retired after completing thirty years of continuous service and were still hale and hearty and able to bear a hand in an emergency; there were men with broken arches and leaky mitral valves, deaf men, blind men, men who had found their way to oblivion via the army psychopathic wards. And down this long list an assistant adjutant general's pencil traveled, checking off those from whose records it would appear some usefulness might still remain in them. And as he checked and considered, the pile of telegrams which an orderly laid on his desk slowly mounted until it overflowed the desk and slid off onto the floor.

The telegrams were from the obsolescent parts of the antiquated war machine. The war was but twenty-four hours old, yet from all over America those who had dedicated their young manhood to the Flag were wiring in, asking pathetically for assignment to duty in any capacity, anything to help. There were puffy old colonels who had been retired ten years for age, who claimed the right to do recruiting and relieve for duty with the line an officer on the active list; there were men whose records showed they had been retired for some wasting and incurable disease who lied gallantly and declared they had not been in ill-health for years and were as good as they ever were; there were old retired non-commissioned officers—first sergeants and sergeant majors, who wired in that they were still good for duty in regimental offices, recruiting duty or drilling recruits.

Faithful old hearts! In those who follow the Flag and make of it their life work, there is born a religion of loyalty that burns softly, dimly, continuously, like the lamps which burn before

*Illustrations by
Kenneth Camp*



"I wish," murmured the colonel, holding Daisy Hogan's note, "that I were twenty years younger"

the Eucharist in Catholic cathedrals. To the average civilian this fire of loyalty is a thing apart; when it flames at all noticeably it is in war time and then it resembles hysteria. Like a sinner taking the sawdust trail to the mourners' bench at a backwoods revival, he has to be proselyted, fired with the fervor of others; but to the old crocks on the retired list there has never been and can never be more than one supreme interest in life, and that is The Service. One finds them in clubs reading the service journals and chatting with others of their kind of the emotional adventures they experienced before they were placed on the retired list. They live lives of shabby gentility for the most part, on their three-quarters pay; unfitted for the competition of civil as well as military life they dwell in a sort of limbo of uselessness and idleness and in the end, when they die, their executors find a note instructing that the adjutant general of the United States Army, Washington, D. C., shall be notified by telegraph of their decease. This in order that their pay may be stopped and that an obituary notice, with their military record, may appear in the *Army & Navy Journal*, whereupon other military men of their day in active service will say:

"Hello! I see old Jim Thatcher has died. Good man, Jim. We were second lieutenants together in the Seventh Cavalry. I remember one time we were chasing Geronimo—"

The assistant adjutant general's pencil hovered over the service record of Major Humphrey Marlowe, Infantry, Retired. "Broken arches," he wrote on a scratch pad and added the major's address.



It was a worthy record. Major Marlowe had graduated on the honor list from West Point, class of '98. As a second lieutenant he had led a platoon of the Ninth Infantry at Santiago that summer. He had been wounded and a copy of a letter, written him by his colonel at the time and commending him for the example of coolness and gallantry under fire which he had shown his men, had been spread upon his record. From Santiago he had gone to the Philippines where he had seen arduous service; at the relief of Peking he had been wounded again while leading his men over the wall into the Forbidden City. For this he had been awarded a Certificate of Merit, which in those days was a paper one could file away and forget. The Distinguished Service Cross superseded it in the late war, whereupon those who had Certificates of Merit from the old days were permitted to wear a ribbon.

After Peking there had followed more service in Luzon; then a campaign against the Pulajanes in Leyte and Samar, followed by a campaign against the Moros in Mindanao. Then two years on special duty in Washington, a tour of four years in the quartermaster's department, and back to the Moro country for a few more brief, bloody campaigns, which nobody ever heard of and which will never be mentioned in future histories of the United States. Then the hike into Mexico with Pershing's punitive expedition, following Pancho Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico—and the hike out. Thereafter broken arches and the retired list. At thirty-eight, a major, he had been inspected and condemned.

To Major Humphrey Marlowe the assistant adjutant general dictated a telegram, directing him to report immediately to the commanding general of the department in which he resided.

When this telegram arrived, Major Marlowe was eating breakfast in the stuffy, shoddy, little Army & Navy club where he lived,

because of the extremely reasonable

prices of room and meals and the fact that he could read the service journals here without having to pay for them. The major opened the yellow envelope and read it with great deliberation.

"That assistant adjutant general has my permission to go to the devil," he declared to the colored waiter. "Hum-m-m! Report to the commanding general of the department, eh? Wants to have me looked over and poked and prodded to see if I'm fit for a swivel chair job. To hell with them. I never did care for recruiting duty or a detail as instructor in military science at a university, or filing unimportant papers at a division headquarters. I wouldn't be able to hike very fast or very far for a long period with these ruined dogs of mine, but I've got one damned fine fight left in me yet and I'm not going to have my chances spoiled by the adjutant general."

"Yes, suh, Majah, suh," the waiter agreed respectfully. "Dey all tryin' for to git de major back on de active list, suh?"

By his use of the third person it was obvious that this colored man had once done a hitch in either the 25th or the 26th Infantry. He, too, had acquired flat feet in the service and now he earned a living as a waiter! In fact, he had served thirty years with his flat feet and was also on the retired list.

"First Sergeant Pearson," said the major, addressing his servitor by the title under which the latter had been retired and which, in consequence, he would be legally entitled to use for the remainder of his life, unless court-martialed and reduced for some offense calculated to bring into disrepute the military service which no longer needed him but which, like a cat playing with a

"Mother's milk," said Colonel Marlowe, war! I wouldn't have missed it for a ripe peach.



smacking his blue lips. "Gosh, what a lovely General, how's the discipline in this division?"

"the service is going to hell! Just going to hell full speed ahead!"

"How come?" First Sergeant Pearson queried.

"What else can it do, Sergeant? Our standing army of one hundred thousand men is now under-officered—and we have to raise an army of four million trained soldiers—and officer them."

"Cain't do that, suh, less'n five years."

"Can't do it in ten years. What we're going to do is send over four million half-baked officers and men and trust in God. We'll probably get licked. Sergeant, I'm only a major, but I've had the experience and by God, they've got to give me a regiment in this war! I'll be satisfied with nothing else. No arm-chair service for me, Sergeant."

"Suppos'n dey all gives the majah an arm-chair?" First Sergeant Pearson suggested.

"I'll never be able to hobble to and from it! Sergeant Pearson, do you know you're a great source of inspiration to me. Your feet are much flatter than mine, yet you are on them all day in this dining room and I never hear you complain."

"Cullud folks cain't complain except to theirseffs," the first sergeant reminded Major Marlowe. He indulged in a mellow, African chuckle. "When de club's full an' all de officers set around an' ring de bell fo' drinks, dis old soger ain't scasily got time to think how much his old ankles done hurt him."

"That's what I say. If you've got a big job to do you haven't got time to think about yourself and your aches and pains. Now, if it were not for my arches I'd be just as good a soldier as I ever was, and even with my broken arches I can think and decide as well as I ever could. As a colonel of infantry I would have a

mouse, still kept one paw on him,

horse to ride, or an automobile, and anyhow I'd never be in such a hurry that when I did have to walk I couldn't take my time. Nobody hurries a colonel, Sergeant."

"Tryin' to hurry all de cunnels I knew sho' resky business, Majah, suh."

"Consequently, Sergeant, I shall be a colonel of infantry," said Major Humphrey Marlowe with firmness and decision. "That is," he added, "if I ignore this telegram and risk a general court for ignoring it. I'll not go back to active service pay and duty while I'm on the retired list. I've got to fix it so I can get back on the active list, Sergeant. Then I'll be shot up to a coloneley or a brigadiership before you can say 'Scat!' and nobody will wonder how I got there."

"Time foh de majah to staht layin' out de plans for de campaign," the first sergeant suggested. "Dey Washington folks git de majah ef he don't watch out."

Major Marlowe had always been thrifty and lucky at poker, so he had fifteen thousand dollars, his savings of a life-time, in six percent bonds. He sold one of the bonds and boarded the Overland Limited for New York that night. Five days later, uniformed and wearing his side-arms, he reported to the commanding general of the Eastern Department at Governors Island, New York City.

"But I haven't asked for you, my dear Marlowe," General O'Reilly declared, offering his hand. He was an old friend of Marlowe's and respected him mightily. "Have you an order directing you to report to these headquarters?"

"I have, sir. This telegram was sent to me at my former residence in San Francisco. You will observe that it directs me to report to the commanding general of the department in which I reside. I now reside in New York," and he grinned like a mis-



As they left the café Marlowe asked Daisy Hogan if they might spend another such delightful evening with her

chievous schoolboy. "Old Bill Hicks is in command in San Francisco. I can't bear him and he dislikes me. So I concluded to report to you."

"How are the old dogs these days?"

"Not fit for long marches, of course, but by wearing an arch support and taking certain exercises calculated to develop the muscles of the lower leg I've gotten to the point where the dowagers are rather willing to dance with me. I'm a fox-trotting fool. Not with the flappers, of course."

"And you really want service with the line?"

"I've never known much of anything else. I'm too young to be chloroformed and not sufficiently crippled for a wheel chair. And I'm a graduate of the Staff College."

"Very well, Marlowe. I'll wire the adjutant general asking to have you assigned to duty on my staff. I'll have a division, of course, and in the fulness of time I expect to get to France. You can be used as a staff officer in an emergency, even if you are on the retired list. Of course you could apply for another physical examination to see if you could get back on the active list—"

"Couldn't pass it on a bet, sir. I'm rather badly crooked, but I could be very useful on your staff, provided I had automobile transportation. I can manage eighteen holes of golf but that lets me out, and at that I always rest at the ninth hole."

"You could manage fifty holes if you were leading infantry across that golf course, couldn't you, Major," the general laughed. "Hell's bells! None of us know what we can do until we have to do it. I think I can get you fixed up."

He did. In August, as aide de camp for his general he accompanied the latter to a training cantonment in the Middle West. Here, while still serving ostensibly as an aide de camp, he was, in reality, assistant chief of staff, in which capacity he spent sixteen hours daily behind a desk and performed yeoman service.

One day his commanding general was ordered to France for three months, there to study methods of warfare on the French and British fronts and to glean a first-hand knowledge of the job which eventually he would be called upon to do with his division. He called Major Marlowe to his office.

"As an officer on the retired list it is not going to be possible for me to take you to France with the division, Marlowe," he explained. "A retired officer cannot function with a combatant division on foreign service. However, I suppose you'll just about die if you don't get some sort of smell of this war, so the best I can do is take you with me, as my aide, on a sight-seeing tour. Pack your kit and let's go."

They went. But Marlowe did not return to the United States with his general when the tour was completed. He arranged that one day while he and the general were lunching with Pershing at Chaumont. It occurred to him somewhere between the fish and the dessert that he was a long way from home and the accursed records of the adjutant general's office. Nobody here, with the exception of his immediate chief, knew he was on the retired list, so why bother to mention the matter? He had been long enough in the Service to realize that fifty percent of one's troubles come from knowing too much and developing a conscience, and the other fifty percent from seeing too much and not forgetting

enough. Forthwith he leaned across the table to his general. "I don't want to go home with you, sir," he whispered. "If I do I'll never get back, but now that I'm here why not arrange to make the date of my return indefinite. Why don't you sell me to the commanding general? Tell him what a fine divisional chief of staff I'd make, but don't tell him I'm on the retired list. He's a cavalryman and the chances are he doesn't know or doesn't care a hoot what officers of infantry are on the retired list. And what he don't know won't trouble him?"

"You're an ungrateful wretch, Marlowe, but I'll do it," the general replied. "I understand exactly how you feel about this thing. After all, it really doesn't make a bit of difference whether you're on the retired list or the active list; you're an officer of the United States Army either way and the main idea is that you want to serve in France. At least that will put you a jump ahead of the other old corks on the retired list."

After luncheon the general, in the language of the classic, did his stuff. Nobody realized more keenly than did the commander-in-chief how invaluable to the A. E. F. were officers of Marlowe's mature years, training and experience, and at the very first intimation that his guest would consider parting with him and breaking in somebody else when he got back home, Black Jack nodded his head approvingly and asked what Marlowe's record was. When that information had been furnished him the wily commander-in-chief proved that he was one who seldom overlooked little details.

"What's wrong with him?" he demanded. "He's still a major, and he should have been given a colonelcy long ago. We will gladly use him as a chief of staff for some division, but to hold that job down he ought to be a lieutenant colonel at least."

His guest flushed and remembered, with huge disgust, that he was an officer and a gentleman and could not tell a lie.

"He's on the retired list, sir," he confessed. "Broken arches."

"Oh! Well, if his head is intact, I'm agreeable. I can't use him here, but some one of the divisions in the training area could make good use of him until they go up to the front. We'll keep him here for a while, at any rate, and much obliged to you for suggesting it. Really, it's very unfortunate that Major Marlowe is on the retired list," he added sadly. "That prevents me from making him a lieutenant colonel or colonel."

"I'm afraid those broken arches are keeping you out of a fine brigade commander, sir."

"Well, of course," the commanding general of the A. E. F. murmured, seemingly to himself, "if a medical board could possibly certify him as fit for active service a cable to Washington would put him back on the active list and make him eligible for promotion. But you know what doctors are, of course."

"Indeed I do, sir. And," he added, glancing around at the number of fat, gray-headed old general officers who had attended the luncheon, and who would be bound to crack under the strain of active service, "we'll know more about doctors before this war is over."

The commander-in-chief beckoned to him the chief surgeon of the A. E. F. "See that infantry major yonder, General?" he queried. "The one with the D. S. C. Well, his name is Humphrey Marlowe and I suspect him of having flat feet. I doubt very much if he's fit for active service and I greatly fear you'll have to have a medical board look him over before long. Remember him and if he must have a board I depend upon you to see to it that he is given a most searching physical examination."

"Is he a good man, sir?"

"A whizz bang! That's why I feel so badly at having him on the retired list."

"Oh, well, we'll keep him off that as long as he can function, sir," the medico assured his chief. "I'll see to that. We can't draw the invidious line so fine in war time as we do in peace time."

"Naturally," said the commander-in-chief in his wintriest tone of voice. "Still, we must not be unjust to the major. If he is physically unfit he belongs on the retired list, of course." He called his chief of staff to him. "Order a medical board to convene immediately and examine into the physical qualifications for active service of Major Humphrey Marlowe, Infantry and at present A. D. C. major to General O'Reilly," he ordered. "Might as well get this thing settled now," he warned O'Reilly. "If the major is unfit for active service the best thing to do is to send him home with you."

Within the hour Major Humphrey Marlowe was in a room, stripped mother-naked and being examined gravely by a board of five medical officers. They started at the top of his head and worked down to his knees. Then they conferred.

"Major," said the chief medical officer presently, "on which side of the body is the appendix found?"

"The right side, sir," the doughty major responded promptly.

"Passed," the other replied, and added, "and may God have mercy on our souls if I have misinterpreted my mission."

"You came to praise Caesar, not to bury him," Marlowe suggested happily.

Within the hour the report of the medical board was on file with the chief of staff; within five minutes a sergeant major was coding a report of that examination to Washington, while a field clerk coded another telegram to Washington informing the Adjutant General there that the commanding general of the A. E. F. had that day promoted Major Humphrey Marlowe to a colonelcy.

In due course all of this information reached the desk of the officer who had first located Humphrey Marlowe on the retired list. "Hum-m!" he murmured. "I've been looking for that fellow for a year. Dirty work here. Politics! How the devil did he get to France while I'm stuck here for the duration of the war? He must be a smart devil, because he's the only one on the retired list who has beaten the gate thus far."

When Marlowe left Chaumont he was detached from the staff of General O'Reilly and ordered to the headquarters of the —st Division, as chief of staff. Although his



destination was some ninety miles west of Paris he found the train schedules for a direct run from Chaumont as confusing and exasperating as every other member of the A. E. F. found them when changing station. So he departed via Paris and, because he was an officer of the regular establishment and a martinet for discipline, he went A. W. O. L. for (Continued on page 60)

CASH IN *on* \$ 500 *in* PRIZES

SOMETIME since April 6, 1917, life has held a *big moment* for you. It may have been funny, it may have been tragic, it may have been dramatic, embarrassing, heart-rending, stirring, ridiculous, or what have you. Perhaps it came when you were telling the world how you would run the A.E.F. and turned to find Pershing at your elbow. Perhaps it was when a buddy died in your arms. Perhaps it rode in the boiling wake of a torpedo that missed—or hit. Perhaps it was some little human drama that was enacted in a tense moment at the front twelve years ago—or in an equally tense moment in the corner drugstore back home last week. It may have occurred in 1918 or in 1928, at Montfaucon or on Michigan Boulevard, at Brest or Camp Benning, in Archangel or Akron. You may have been a principal actor in it or a mere spectator—it doesn't matter, so long as the incident stands out as a vivid part of your war or post-war experience.

Whatever that experience may have been, wherever and whenever and however you had it, it must have been *interesting*. And if it stands out with singular clearness in your own memory, if it was interesting to you, why shouldn't it be interesting to everyone?

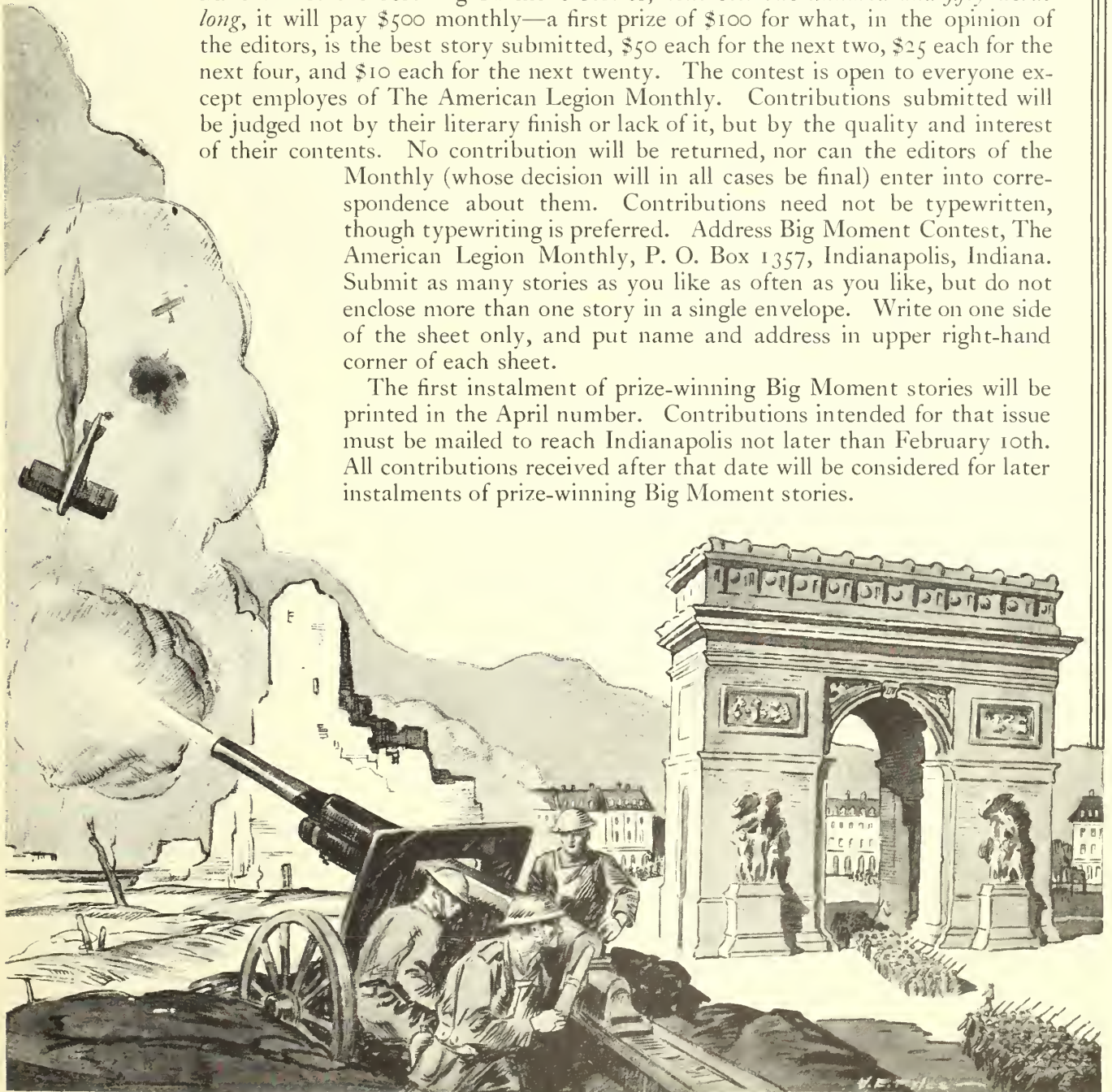


YOUR *BIG* MOMENT EVERY MONTH

The American Legion Monthly thinks it would be, and is willing to back its hunch. For the best Big Moment stories, *none over two hundred and fifty words long*, it will pay \$500 monthly—a first prize of \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. The contest is open to everyone except employes of The American Legion Monthly. Contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contribution will be returned, nor can the editors of the

Monthly (whose decision will in all cases be final) enter into correspondence about them. Contributions need not be typewritten, though typewriting is preferred. Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana. Submit as many stories as you like as often as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet.

The first instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories will be printed in the April number. Contributions intended for that issue must be mailed to reach Indianapolis not later than February 10th. All contributions received after that date will be considered for later instalments of prize-winning Big Moment stories.



LIVINGSTON

By
LEONARD
H. NASON

Chapters I-II in Brief

RUPERT and John Livingston, brothers, are students at a military school in Vermont when the United States declares war on Germany. Rupert, the elder, is the cadet major, while John is only a corporal. Sons of an old Regular Army officer who died when they were very young, the two students are intensely patriotic, and during the summer of 1916 had joined the National Guard in the hope of getting a chance at Villa in Mexico. Major Rupert upon the entrance of the United States in the World War informs John that this time only one of them can go to war. "You've got to stay home and run the farm; mother can't do it alone," he tells John, and gaining an appointment to Plattsburg becomes a candidate for a commission in the United States Army, while John stays on at school.

CHAPTER III

WITH the month of June the weather grew warmer and the officer candidates a little more expert. They learned that the inspection of a squad about to be detached for a flank patrol does not mean that the command "open ranks" need be given, followed by "inspection arms."

They got to the point where they could drill a company in close and extended order without getting them ensnared with the croquet wickets in front of the officers' club, or without marching up the steps of every barracks in the post as though they were delivering milk.

They made long practice marches in full pack, and invented coarse songs to sing to cheer their hearts while marching, such as "Who Put the Pack Upon the Cavalry Major's Back?" This song was in honor of a Prussian-like reserve officer who had very sternly enforced all manner of minor camp regulations upon his fellow candidates, until the publishing of the order that reduced all reserve officers to the rank of candidate. He was then ignominiously shoved into ranks and told that when calls blew he should fall in with a squad and not appear, slapping his leather puttees, some five or ten minutes after

*"Been asleep, huh!"
demanded the corporal.
"Well, you're gonna
get your belt pulled!
What'd'yuh mean by it?"*

assembly. This had delighted his comrades, hence the song. When the weather was really hot, and the sand burning, they dug a trench system along the lake shore, stood to, stood down, and set up and dismounted wooden machine guns.

After the first month the candidates had been allowed to select the branch of service to which they wished to be assigned, and the old companies were broken up, those who had elected artillery being transferred to provisional batteries, and those who had elected infantry being shuffled around to bring the companies all up to their former strength.

Rupert had selected cavalry, but there being but one provisional troop there had been no vacancy, and he had been assigned to the artillery.

MacFee stayed with the Second Company. He had not needed to counterfeit ignorance after a time. They had set the candidates to drawing maps, figuring ranges, and studying rifle and machine-gun ballistics, with co-efficients, omega, alpha, x and y. As MacFee had left grammar school after the sixth grade he found this difficult.

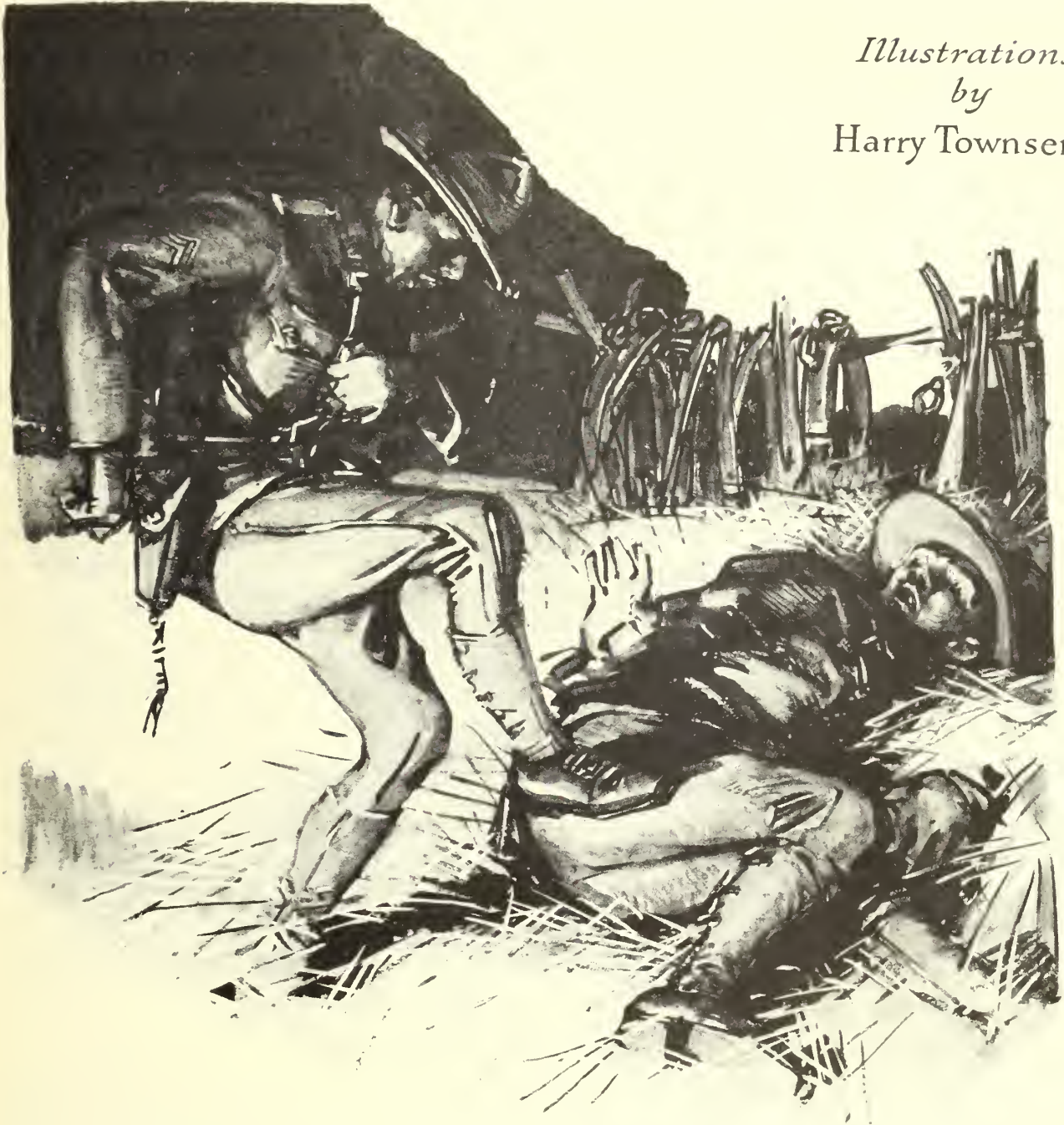
Gladwin went to the artillery with Rupert, and Mulford stayed in the infantry, because, as he had said, "I got a nice bunk here, right in the corner you see, where I can sleep Saturday afternoons without gettin' the sun in my eyes, and I don't get no draft from the door."

"You're not going to choose the lowest branch of the service and pound mud all through the war just so you can have a comfortable bunk for a few months now, are you?" demanded Rupert.

"Well, I don't know about pounding mud. Those artillery barracks down on the lake are pretty drafty and cold. Suppose

BROTHERS

Illustrations
by
Harry Townsend



I went to the artillery? I got a hunch that when this camp is over we'll all get sent home and they'll say, 'You been good boys all summer. Go home now and when we want yuh, we'll send for yuh.' And I'd have had two months of discomfort for nothin'."

"I bet you're not far wrong at that," said one of the listeners. "Say," said Mulford suddenly, reaching under his bunk, "I got some nice bars o' chocolate here a friend sent me to dispose of. Thinks I, 'That's just the thing the fellers'll want to take to conference or trench diggin' or somethin'. Somethin' to have in your pocket to chew on.' They're ten cent bars, but I'm lettin' 'em go at eight cents because you're all friends o' mine."

Rupert had gone away after that and had walked as far as the post stables to calm himself. Was this Mulford going to be an officer of the United States Army? Was he going to wear the U. S. on his collar, rate a salute, wear a sword, and be able to sit down in the Officers' Club on equal terms with men like Rupert's father, or the officers that Rupert could remember in those far-away days in the Islands—calm, soft-spoken, bronzed men in

khaki? He had been brought up, as an officer's son, with certain ideals. God, Country, and The Service came first in every man's life, in the order named. Then Honor. Anything in speech, or thought, or deed that was dishonorable must be condemned.

This code resembled very much those that have come down from other ages and other civilizations—Sparta, for instance, and the Samurai of Japan. The ethics of the profession of arms are pretty generally alike in all countries.

Rupert could see, in his mind's eye, the Flag, his father's sword that had always hung above the fireplace, and the gold epaulets with the yellow centers that he had worn on his wedding day.

"Nice chocolate bars, eight cents apiece!"

Rupert spat. He felt that Mulford had insulted his dead father.

Rupert did not escape Mulford by moving to the artillery barracks. He and Gladwin were the only two of the old squad that were left together. MacFee came to see them from time to time, and so did Mulford. The latter had branched out into commerce.

He laid in stocks of shoe-strings, chewing gum, puttee laces, buttons, pencils, all the small things that a man was always needing and yet had neither the time nor the inclination to walk half a mile to the canteen for. And every time he added something new to his line he hurried down to the artillery to show it to Rupert and Gladwin, and offer them first choice at reduced prices. Rupert always received him coldly and never bought.

There was a Friday night, when Mulford had appeared after drill. He breathed excitement, and his eyes popped from his head.

"Fellers!" he cried. "Listen to this! Whaddyuh think? It's gettin' on time now to be thinkin' about uniforms. Now we're sensible guys, ain't we? We ain't goin' to rush across the street to the shacks an' throw down a hundred dollars to some Fifth Avenue highbrow tailor, are we? Well, thinks I, how we goin' to buy a uniform if we don't? One's expensive as the other. I been to 'em all, lookin' at the goods. Yuh know what I done? I wrote to a feller I know, had dealin's with him in the past, good's gold, he is, got a nice little business. An' I fixed it with him to make us uniforms *ready made!* Cheap, too, but nice goods! An' for thirty dollars the suit! He's goin' to make up a hundred to start, an' I'm goin' to sell 'em!"

Rupert lay on his bunk, reading a letter and pretending not to hear. His mother wrote to him weekly, telling about the farm, how this colt and that one were getting on, how the business was booming beyond their wildest dreams, because of orders for chargers from National Guard officers being mobilized, and Regulars being ordered to duty with troops, so that all the stock on the farm had gone, and she had had to scour the State for offspring

of stallions she had sold in past years to fill the orders. John was at home, visibly improved by another year at college. He had met a young lady who was spending the summer at Brandon, and was busy each day teaching her to ride.

"Johnny," wrote the mother, "is so enthusiastic, because he is sure that if he teaches the girl to ride by the end of the summer he will be able to sell her father a horse for her to take back to Philadelphia with her."

It had been a hard day on the range for Rupert, making corrections for range, site and deflection on a mythical battery by means of smoke bombs simulating shell-bursts. The smoke bombs themselves were simulated

by a bored candidate with a bundle of newspaper on the end of a stick, placed here and there at the direction of the instructor.

Rupert had done badly, and the letter was like salt in a wound! That cub of a John! His mother at her wits' end, probably up before daybreak, coming in late at night, supervising the training of the two-year-olds, the buying of feed, the sale and shipment of stock, criss-crossing a State that is split in two by a range of mountains, doing a thousand things at once, and John, a grown man, teaching a girl to ride!

"By God!" muttered Rupert. "If I don't go home over the weekend and kick his spine!"

But he could not do this. His home was too far from Plattsburg to be reached. Well, he would write John a scalding letter. What the hell could he be thinking of?

"That's always the way," thought Rupert, "if I'm not there to supervise!"

His heart stopped beating just a second. Suppose after all he should have been the one to stay home and John, the irresponsible, to go to war? No. John was the youngest, and his mother's baby. Rupert had become a man at his father's death, and had no time to be cuddled and babied. John had had a double share of it, and if this war *should* be serious, and anything *should* happen to John, it would kill his mother. But that was no reason why he should now run about after a skirt when there was work to do! A rah-rah boy, a porch lizard, a skirt-scouter, and after two years at Norwich, too!

"These uniforms'll be just as good as any that cost three times the money!" went on Mulford to a circle that had formed about him. He reached into the bunk and taking hold of Rupert's arm, shook it.

"Hey, Livin'ston," he cried, "pay attention! You'll want one o' these suits, won't you?"

The blood leaped to Rupert's face. Here was an outlet for all the pent-up wrath that he had accumulated at the smoke-bomb practice and during the perusal of the letter.

"No!" he barked. "God damn it, no! I don't want any chewing-gum nor shoe-laces, nor any of the other junk you peddle! Get the hell out of here and don't ever bother me again! You make me sick!"

He rolled out of the bunk on the far side and stamped out of the barracks.

"Don't mind him," said Gladwin hurriedly. "He's probably got bad news from home; he was reading a letter there."

"Mind him?" chuckled Mulford. "Not I. That's what you call sales-resistance. When I was on the road I got worse than that ten times a day. Even—why, I got slung out of a place once. Two months later I sold that feller the biggest bill o' goods I'd turned since I started travelin'. I'll have the samples tomorrow or the next day an' I'll bring 'em over. When Livin'ston sees 'em he can't refuse to order one."

Meanwhile Rupert went raging out of the barracks. Where should he go? To the lake shore or up to the stables and watch the quartermaster jugheads fight each other? His liver must be out of order, he thought. He was always in a rage. He hated the camp and the men in it. There were too many of them. He felt that he was in jail. He ran headlong into someone coming from the opposite direction.

"I'm sorry," he began, then looked again at the man he had bumped.

"MacFee!" he gasped.

"Wouldn't know me, would you?" grinned MacFee. "I put meself there on purpose to see if ye'd run into me! Who's been bawlin' you out? Ye've a wicked twist to your mug."

"Oh, nobody. I get sore on this place every once in a while."

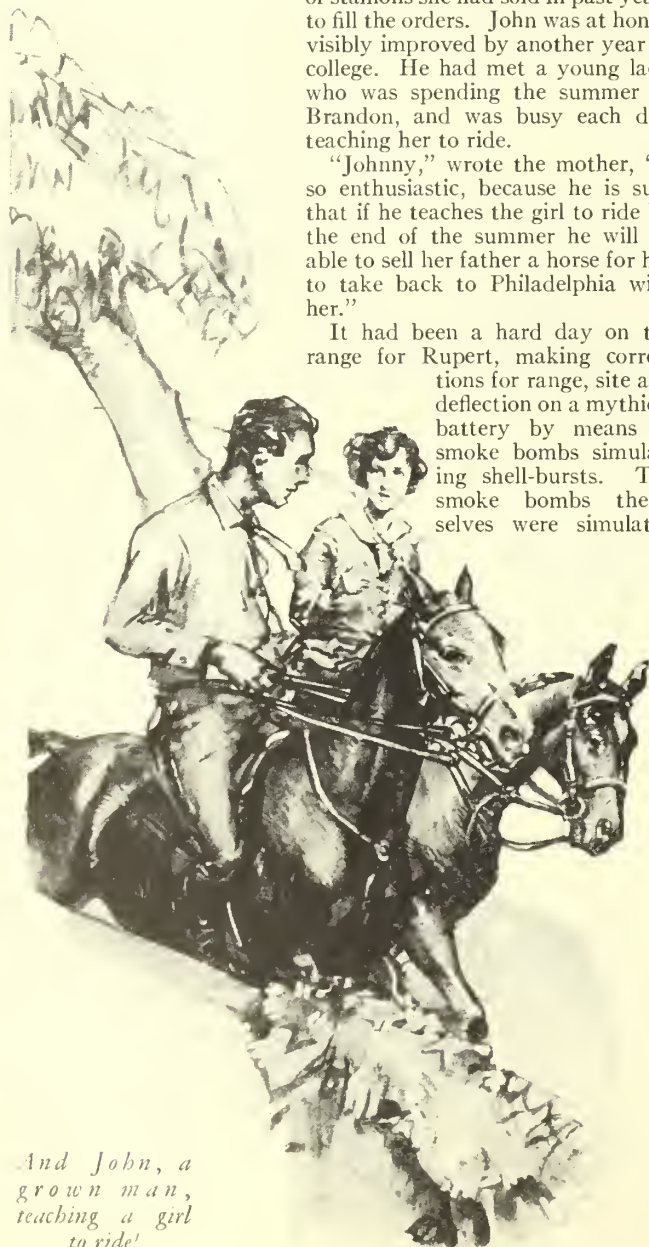
"Tis a common fault, not only here but everywhere in the Army. That's why men go over the hill. Out o' sheer cussedness and bein' eager to sleep in another bed. Well, I don't know. Many's the time I've cursed the squad room, but I wish I'd never left it now."

"No," said Rupert, "but how come you're all steamed up? I didn't know you!" His voice changed to a tone of concern. "They haven't fired you, have they?"

"Nah!" MacFee grinned, and smoothed down his blouse.

He was wearing a new serge uniform that fitted him like his skin. "I've got a new Stetson, too," he muttered absent-mindedly. "Nah. I had it in my book that on an' after July fifteenth I was to be wearin' my hat on straight to show progress in soldierly knowledge. Then sometime in August I was to turn out in me new clothes."

"How's your plan working?" asked Rupert. "Where you going, by the way? We've only got twenty minutes or so before retreat. I'll walk along with you."



And John, a grown man, teaching a girl to ride!



"Sir, would the lieutenant like to think that Captain Livingston's son had asked for exemption?"

"I ain't goin' nowhere. I was coming over to your quarters to show you and Gladwin my new outfit. We can sit on the fence, if you want to. Well, the idea don't work very well. 'Twas that damned old major that spotted me. He was my skipper when the Fifth was here. He went to the Thirtieth when they come in. That put the crab on the whole system. Well, it would never do to change too quick, they'd known I was horsin' 'em, an' they'd turned me back to duty. I might 'a' been tried even. We walked on eggs for weeks, me lad, an' me doin' me arithmetic the while to see would the bullets hit the target and how fast they went when they was half way there. Of what importance is that to a man to know? Sure the way to tell if the bullet will hit the target is to shoot it off in a rifle. Who cares a damn whether it goes fast or slow? Things go better now, though; it goes better now. If they don't give me the bum's rush outta here within the next month I may make the grade. Now, listen. There's somethin' I wanted to see you about. I nearly forgot it. What are you going to put in for? I have it straight from a buddy o' mine in headquarters—"

"Sure, like all the other rumors!" grinned Rupert, slapping him on the back.

"No, no, this is straight, he saw the order!"

"Yes, I know," answered Rupert, still smiling. "Like the man that saw the order that two men from each company were to go overseas with Pershing to be trained in French camps, and like the one that said the companies must be reduced and that forty men were going to be bounced out of each one at the end of the first month, and I like the one that said that reserve officers were to draw active duty pay while the rest of us only got a hundred a month. Never mind, go on."

"The first thing they should teach in this camp," sighed MacFee, "is that a recruit should button his mouth while an old soldier is talking. In the Army a man don't waggle his jaw the first year he's in if he don't want it broke. Now ye've got me off the track. There's a certain percentage to go as officers to the Regular Army. That's the order. It sounds reasonable, doesn't it? The Regulars gotta have officers, ain't they? Well, what would ye put in for, assumin' that the order's published tomorrow?"

"Regular Army, of course."

"Nah, don't do it. Ye'll never get a promotion. That's just what I wanted to warn ye about. They'll take ye only as second lieutenant, while if ye go with the new Army ye should be a first, an' a captain before the year's out." (Continued on page 38)

SOUNDING *the*

By Marquis



The American Legion has joined with the war veterans of Canada in an effort to save from despoliation such beauty spots as these on the Minnesota-Ontario boundary

THREADING a winding defile through the bluffs which form, in a general way, the left or east bank of the Yazoo, our road resembled a trench more than a highway. A tall Negro standing on a load of cotton could not see over the top. I remarked that it must have taken a lot of cutting to make this road.

"A lot of wearing," said Bob Morrow. "This road was never cut much. Mostly it just wore down. It is the quality of the soil. These bluffs are windblown drifts. This is an old cotton road, going back eighty, ninety years to slavery times, when the crop was carried over the bluffs to the steam packets loading in the Yazoo for the New Orleans market."

Bob Morrow has been a cowboy in Texas and a college professor. He is a speaking encyclopedia on the history, the geology, the flora and fauna of his native Mississippi, in addition to holding the office of Department Adjutant of The American Legion.

From the bluffs the cotton road descends into the valley of the Big Black to join the paved highway to Jackson. We passed the manor house of a great plantation of other days, still majestic in

its dilapidation. Mr. Morrow was telling me something of its romantic history when a single bob white buzzed up from the grass beside the car and flew away.

"A quail!" exclaimed my host and guide. "The first we've raised today!" The plantation was forgotten. "There is your proof of what the boys in Yazoo City were telling you this morning. One quail in the course of a day's journey. The Legion has intervened in the nick of time to save the wild life of Mississippi. Quail was so plentiful when I was a boy that it was no sport to kill them. You could slip up on a covey at night, where the birds huddle in a circle on the ground with their tails in and heads out, and kill them with sticks. But the great commercial slaughter has been since the war. In the fall of 1928 forty thousand quail were shipped north from Yazoo City alone.

"The wild turkey has suffered as badly as the quail. In some counties this fine bird already is extinct. Ducks and geese, snipe and grouse have all been thinned out. Animals, whether bear and deer or squirrel and raccoon, have suffered a similar fate.

"This is a cause of concern to the Legion because ninety-five out of every hundred Legionnaires in Mississippi hunt. And we hope, by the evidence of what we have done and are going to do to protect and preserve fish and game in our State, to earn the title of sportsmen."

The Legionnaires of Mississippi, however, have no monopoly on the pleasures of rod and gun. I have the word of Eugene Harrison, field representative of the conservation department of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, whose travels this year in the interest of wild life will take him to every section of the United States and to Canada and Mexico, that no single organization in the world embraces so many sportsmen.

This reminds me of a story that is going the rounds. Perhaps it has been improved in the telling, but it proves Mr. Harrison's point. It is told of a department convention in National Commander Boden-

hamer's State of Arkansas. A resolution on the subject of Americanism was under discussion when in the course of the debate the performances of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll came in for mention.

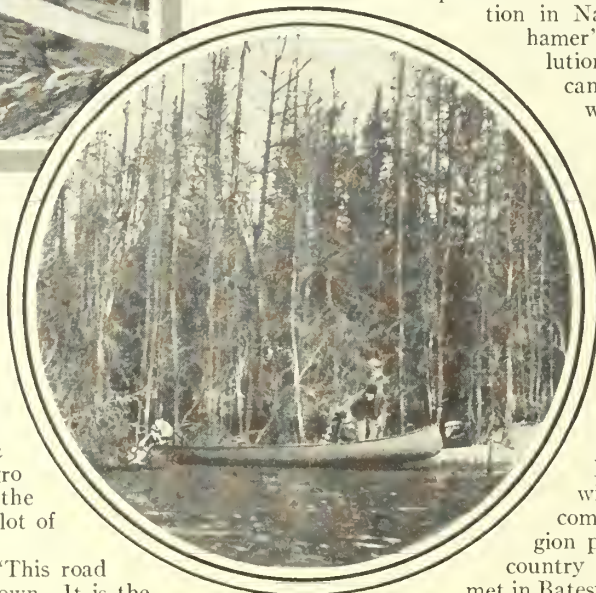
A delegate from the hills, who had had a hard night's ride, was dozing in the rear of the hall. The mention of Bergdoll brought him to life.

"Mr. Chairman, what's that the gentleman said about bird dogs?"

Mr. Harrison, who is a Legionnaire, has conferred with Legion commissions and committees, has addressed Legion posts and sporting clubs the country over. With him the writer met in Batesville, Mississippi, the Legionnaires who have borne the brunt of the work in

that section of their State. Mr. Harrison assured them that if the Legion and Legionnaires follow through with the projects they now have in hand, they will have done as much for the protection of wild life and the advancement of sportsmanship as any other body in America.

From New England to the Pacific slope, from the Lakes to the Gulf, the Legion has its special projects before it. The scope of the work is broad, transcending the benefits, however far-reaching, that will flow from the protection and perpetuation of birds and animals. It embraces reforestation, a sizeable and impor-



CALL of the WILD

James

tant subject in itself. In safeguarding scenic beauty, and the establishment of camps amid woodland scenes thus insured for posterity, the Legion's work touches vacationing city-dwellers who may know nothing of the ordinary sports of field and stream.

The situation in Mississippi is attracting more than ordinary notice among hunters because in that State the most remains to be done and the Legion has matters almost exclusively in hand. Mississippi is the only State without a conservation department, or game or fish commission. Its game laws have been inadequate and loosely enforced. The result has been indiscriminate slaughter, particularly since the war, when the slaying of fowl and animals for the market became an industry of large proportions until curbed by the Legislature. But the damage had been done. The great flood of 1927 also was destructive to wild life, with the result that this State which since the days of the pioneers had abounded in game, is faced with a grave state of affairs. In many places not enough game is left to breed.

The result is more than a mere disappointment to hunters and lovers of the out-of-doors and its creatures. It destroys a certain balance of nature, which any agricultural community is bound to feel. It has been calculated that quail are worth three dollars a year apiece to farmers on account of the bugs and the weed seeds they consume. Before the advent of civilization, nature maintained its own balance. A black bass lays forty thousand eggs, most of which hatch. But all these bass do not reach maturity. The bass is a cannibal. It feeds on its young. Many other things feed on the young bass. The result is that an average of twenty out of forty thousand grow up.

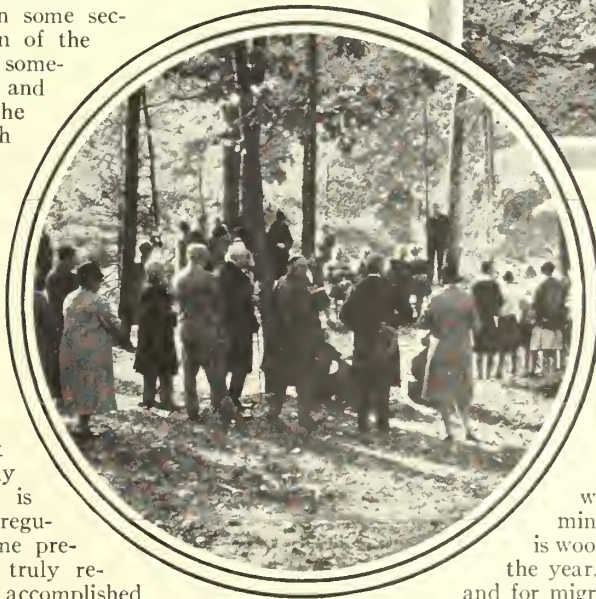
Everything preys upon something else. The quail eats the insects and weed seeds which would destroy the crops. Field rats, or cotton rats as they call them in the South, eat the eggs of the quail, which nests on the ground, and the chicks. But the staple of diet of the hawk is cotton rats. A mistake has been made in some sections by the extermination of the hawk, two species of which sometimes destroy grown quail and domestic chickens, but in the long run make away with about enough cotton rats to repair the damage. A certain number of rats is beneficial. The hawk merely keeps the population down; he does not exterminate.

With the coming of civilized man the normal balance of nature is disturbed, because man is the least discriminating killer of all. It is the work of conservation to artificially restore equilibrium. This is done by seasonal shooting, regulated by law, and by game preserves. By these means truly remarkable things have been accomplished in the way of restoring game to depopulated areas. Twenty-five years ago the game in Pennsylvania was practically cleared out, when a rigorous policy was instituted. Pennsylvania is now one of the finest game States in the Union, and last year more deer were killed there than in any other State.

It was necessary to import many species of game to Pennsylvania, but this will not be the case in Mississippi, excepting for some kinds of fish. There has been no statewide extermination, even of bear and panther cats (which serve their purpose), and given an even break the birds and beasts will return to the shunned areas. The establishment of sanctuaries and preserves,



In the wilds of Connecticut, where the Legion gave a forest to the State as a game refuge and playground. In circle, dedication exercises at the Connecticut Legion Forest



a number of which are in the making in the State, will give the game their break. The project of Batesville Post embraces 6,000 acres in the spillway of the Tallahatchie River, where engineering operations are under way as a part of the comprehensive work to minimize the danger from floods. All of the land is wooded and much of it will be under water a part of the year. It is ideal for all forms of Mississippi game and for migratory fowl. Fifteen hundred acres will be set aside as an absolute sanctuary which will never hear the sound of a gun. There game will be safe at all times, and the uninformed would be surprised to learn how quickly the game will get on to that fact. For years the practice of travelers of carrying shotguns in cars has driven quail from the roads. The boundaries of this place of refuge will be marked by signs on the trees and a warden will be installed to patrol it.

The other forty-five hundred acres will be a shooting preserve, where the post is building a club house and cabins to accommodate its members and guests. In this preserve there will be hunting in season, with further special restrictions. Hunting will be

permitted only three days a week on alternate days, and to give the ducks a chance to rest and feed there will be no shooting after 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The effect of this preserve will be felt through northern Mississippi.

The west central section of the State, the famous "delta" lying between the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers, will be taken care of by the project of Roy Lemons Post of Yazoo City. This post has leased 20,000 acres along the Yazoo south of Yazoo City. It is cut-over land, owned by timber companies, and will not be ready to cut again for twenty-five years. This is an inviolable sanctuary, but there is ample space roundabout where one may hunt. The leased land comprises a part of a forest forty-eight miles long, east and west, by twelve to fourteen miles north and south. The area is flat, and cut by rivers and lakes, making it a perfect hunting ground, with a plentitude of game which will rest and breed in the restricted area.

Smaller projects dot the remainder of the State, all the work of local posts. The Department has named a committee to study the situation as a whole and to suggest forms of official state co-operation to increase the effectiveness of the program.

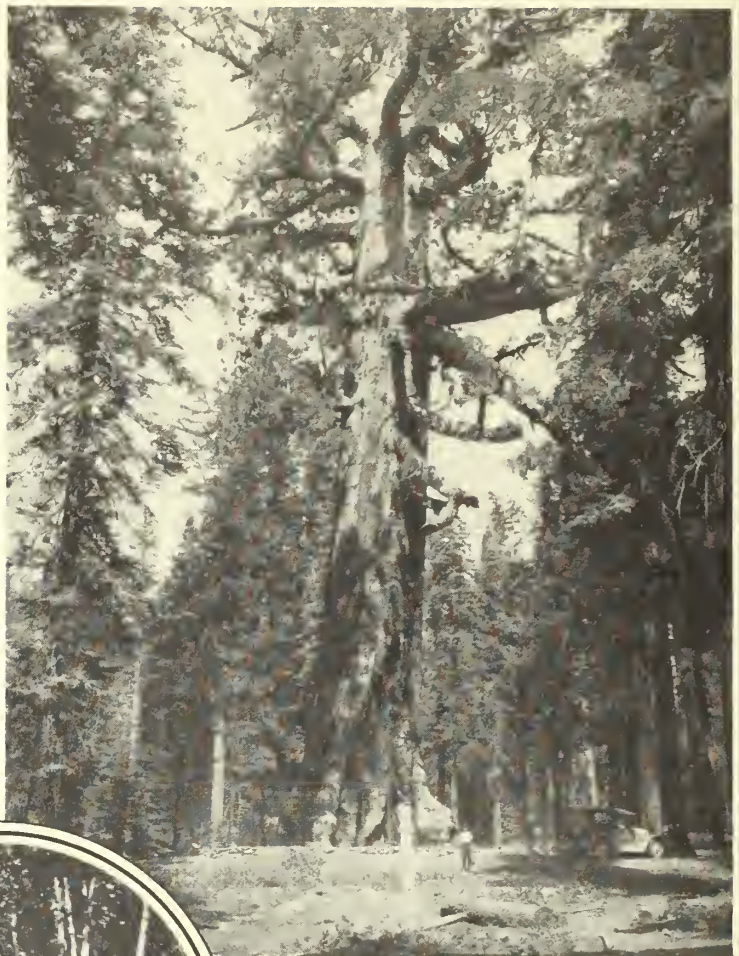
Wisconsin has long been one of the great hunting States, its woods and streams a rendezvous for sportsmen from afar. Wisconsin has been alert to the needs of conservation, and has done much to protect its game, but here, too, the Legion has found work to do. This service contributed materially to the record which in 1928 won for the State the James A. Drain trophy for community betterment—a happy bestowal, as Past National Commander Drain is an enthusiastic sportsman and a tireless advocate of the protection of wild life.

Wisconsin's work has grown about Camp American Legion, a convalescent and recreation center for ex-service men and their families on Tomahawk Lake. The next step was the establishment on an adjoining 3,500-acre tract of The American Legion Wild Life Refuge, which has been fenced in and identified by metal signs warning that hunting and trapping are not permitted on the premises. In this area the Legion has planted 18,000 Norway pine trees.

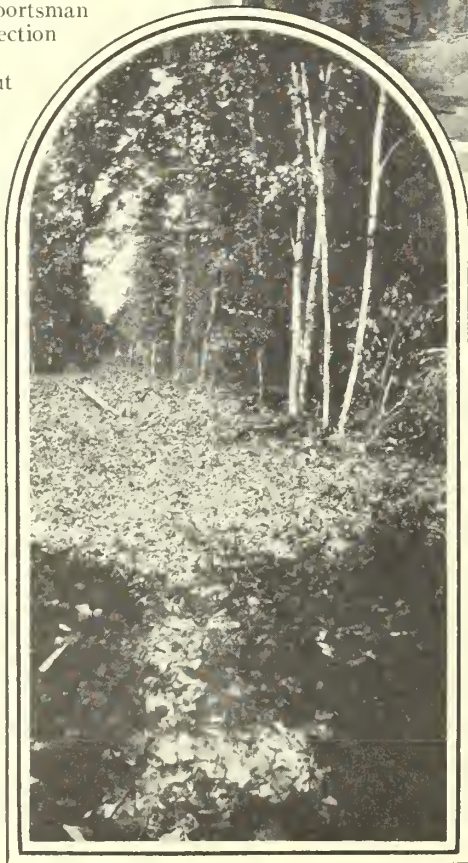
Across the line, Minnesota Legionnaires, as the culmination of a long battle for game protection and conservation, have swung the country-wide force of their organization into a contest that promises to attract international notice. The national convention of The American Legion at Louisville adopted a resolution directing the National Commander to appoint a committee to meet a committee to establish an international memorial forest astride the border of Minnesota and the Province of Ontario. In opposition to this proposal is the program of a powerful industrial group for the exploitation of this region.

From Lake Superior to Lake of the Woods the invisible line that separates United States from Canadian soil is formed by a chain of almost innumerable island-dotted lakes linked by dashing straits or short rivers. The surrounding country is the only natural wilderness remaining east of the Rockies.

The singular charm of this spot resulted in the creation on the American side of the Superior National Forest, and on the Canadian side of the Quetico Provincial Forest. Four years ago an International Joint Commission, representing the Province of



The California redwoods, oldest of living things on earth, which the Legion is fighting to safeguard. At left, inside the Legion's game sanctuary in Wisconsin



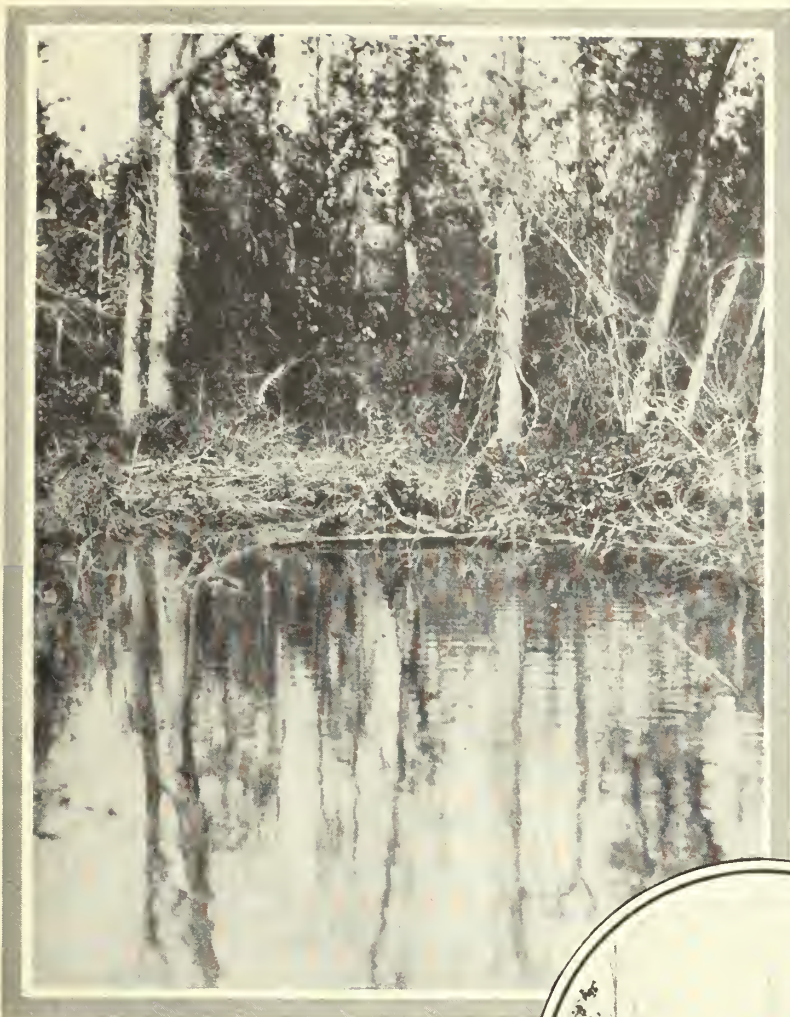
Ontario and the United States, met at International Falls on the Minnesota side of the line, to discuss the future of the region. The lakes and connecting rivers, which form the boundary, are the key to the situation. The interests of Canada and of the United States must be considered jointly in the furtherance of any workable plan.

The commission heard one project at a time. The first was put forward by the head of a number of paper companies of Minneapolis. This plan had been elaborated in great detail by technicians who understood their business. It contemplated the conversion of the lakeland region into a series of storage basins for the development of water power.

An alternative was suggested by a Canadian, who on a tour of pleasure had been fascinated by the scenic grandeur of the spot. This project contemplates the creation of an international forest to preserve the natural attractions, which, once sacrificed, could never be restored. The Canadian's proposal is in direct opposition to

that of the paper manufacturer, whose plan calls for the construction of a series of dams. This would mean the flooding of vast areas, driving out much game, bringing trees to a slow death and robbing the entire region of its beauty.

The Canadian's scheme caught the imagination of sportsmen and lovers of the wild, and slowly began to become a real factor in the situation. Last year the conservation commission of the Minnesota Department of The American Legion, after a careful study of conditions, made recommendations to the state conven-



Game is getting scarce in Mississippi, but the Legion has leased six thousand acres near Batesville (above) and twenty thousand acres near Yazoo City (right) as wild-life sanctuaries

tion of the Legion which resulted in an enthusiastic endorsement of the international park and sanctuary idea.

The proponents of this plan are not impractical idealists. They favor obtaining a reasonable economic return from the land and to this end would provide for the orderly cutting of matured timber. But they oppose exploitation, or in the words of one, "industry at any price." The power scheme would be fatal, they say, and the return in power generated very small indeed in contrast to the price paid in terms of despoliation.

This was the situation that the delegates from Minnesota to the last national convention of the Legion laid before the organization as a whole, with the result that the Legion nationally now takes over the battle. As the matter now stands the Legion opposes any commercial exploitation of this region that will diminish its beauties. On the other hand it would enhance and maintain those beauties by joining the Canadian and American forests into one under international control and a memorial to the Canadian and American dead and a guarantee of perpetuation of the more than century of peace between our country and the British Empire.

The fight for the perpetuation of the natural beauties of the Superior National Forest marks the entry of the Legion, as a national organization, embracing some half million of sportsmen, into a national contest for the furtherance of the aims of true sportsmen. The sportsmen-Legionnaires of Minnesota, and I

am informed that this means four Legionnaires out of five in Minnesota, have been pioneers in the movement for the protection of wild-life. As in half of the States of the Union hunts of all sorts have been so closely allied with the activities of the organization as to come under the head of past activities.

Minnesota has good game laws, and good machinery for giving them effect. But so many non-resident hunters and fishermen invade the State each year that the wealth of game that is Minnesota's pride was visibly diminishing. It was the same circumstance—the visiting hunter and the commercialization of what should remain a pastime—that precipitated the situation which the Legion is so adequately meeting in Mississippi. Several years ago the Legion in its Department conventions in Minnesota began adopting resolutions and lending moral support to the cause of conservation. This was followed by the creation of a Legion conservation commission, which has shown boundless energy and has been a power for good. It was the labors of this commission that brought the state of affairs on the northern boundary to the notice of the public and got the Legion as a whole to take over the battle.

Literally and figuratively it is quite a jump from the Rainy Lake watershed in Minnesota to the West Branch of the Farmington River in Litchfield County, Connecticut. But man, bird and beast, in thickly settled places like Connecticut stand more in need of breathing spaces than his fellows in uncrowded environments. It may surprise some who are unfamiliar with the East to learn that

there are fifteen state forests in Connecticut with a combined area of 46,000 acres. To these has been added a sixteenth, The American Legion Forest, in Litchfield County. It comprises 420 acres, adjoining one of the state forests of 1509 acres, and so in all making a considerable spread of ground that is going back to nature.

Connecticut to California is a lustier hop yet, and a provincial easterner might be surprised to learn that the great redwoods, the oldest living things on the face of the earth, are in danger. The Legion is in the fight there, working with other organizations, and for its own part it plans the establishment of "one or more" American Legion Forests as a part of the program for 1930. As far back as 1921 Past National Commander John Quinn, then vice-commander of California, dedicated Bolling Memorial Grove, in Humboldt County, as a tribute to Colonel Raynal C. Bolling, the first American field officer to fall in France. Since then a conservation commission has become a part of the machinery of the Legion in California and it has done great work, both independently and in cooperation with other agencies.

The cosmopolitan nature of the Legion's membership greatly increases its effectiveness in these undertakings. The Legion operates not solely as an outside force of sportsmen and lovers of nature. Its members are in the state legislatures, in the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States, on the state conservation commissions. Its members include men of influence in all walks of life everywhere, so that there is no cooling of heels in the corridor when the rank-and-file hosts of Legion sportsmen desire an audience. That is why the Legion has been able to accomplish so much in so short a time.



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Ten Years of Mopping Up



THE WORLD War still dominates. For ten years the most important news story of each year has concerned itself with some phase of war liquidation, either division of war costs or a precaution for staving off its successor. In a world where practically everything has happened before to someone sometime, these affairs were utterly new. As far as history runs, nothing like this sequence has appeared before on the planet.

Consider a skeleton post-war chronology. The chief steps, year by year, have been these:

- 1920. First session of the League of Nations. Treaty of San Remo. Spa Conference on Reparations. Treaty of Rapallo.
- 1921-22. Washington Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments.
- 1922. Economic Conference at Genoa. Hague Conference. Lausanne Conference.
- 1923. Anglo-American Agreement funding British debt to the United States Treasury.
- 1924. Dawes Plan. French leave Ruhr.
- 1925. Treaty of Locarno.
- 1926. Germany enters the League of Nations.
- 1927. Geneva Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments.
- 1928. Kellogg Pact.
- 1929. Young Plan; creation of International Bank for Reparations Settlements, with headquarters at Basle.

To bring these major events to pass, scores of lesser, unrecorded conferences were held—conversations in which two or three gathered together to effect the indispensable preliminaries to the definite steps involved in the general post-war settlement, with all its political and financial complications. So far there has been only one flat failure, the Geneva Conference of 1927, and that is already subject to review. Probably the root reason for that failure was insufficient preparation in advance. The other conferences accomplished all or a very substantial part of the purpose behind the call. There have been temporary deadlocks and long adjournments in some cases during which the headlines sputtered hate, but in the end some sort of formula has been found to which all parties could subscribe.

Somehow the ball was kept in the air. Even partial disagreements gained time in which the contestants could cool off. Statesmen who thundered "No compromise" at the original sitting returned after adjournment ready to compromise; during the waits they discovered that their publics had grown less truculent, their editors less jingo. Occasionally statesmen stumbled and fell through going too fast; occasionally they were swept aside for going too slow;

but the program of peace maintained its gains against all prophecies of failure.

In 1925 the critics said the Dawes Plan "wouldn't work". They were right to the extent that such an arrangement, being without terminal facilities, could not last indefinitely. Its authors perceived its weaknesses; but they believed that if they could only bridge the yawning gap of the moment, if they could give the world a few years of time in which reflection and experience could allay bitterness still more, then the wit of man would be equal to devising a more durable plan later on. The important thing about the Dawes Plan was not whether it would work forever, but whether it would work three, four or five years, until the logical substitute could be devised—the Young Plan of 1929.

Now the same gloomy argument is heard against the Young Plan with its International Bank to function during the life of the reparations agreement, to collect the German payments and distribute them with as little injury to Germany and as little interruption as possible to the international trade and credit structure. It is argued that the bank cannot collect German reparations in the agreed sums unless it encourages German exportations or lends Germany back with one hand what it takes from her with the other. No one knows precisely how the International Bank can or will affect the situation, since it is an institution utterly without precedent in history. But at least its creation will gain time for reflection and experience just as the Dawes Plan did. And if the collection of reparations in the agreed sums should, for one reason or another, prove to be beyond its powers, then we may be sure that reason will march on from that point to some other peaceful adjustment.

This ten-year view of international negotiations reveals an apparently irresistible drive toward economic sanity. After ten years it is now generally agreed, and for the most part reduced to record, that war debts, whether voluntary or involuntary, whether borrowings or reparations, are collectible only up to the limit of the power of the debtors to pay within, roughly, two generations. Debt in perpetuity has been abandoned; and a reasonably honest effort has been made to determine the individual capacity of each nation to pay. Germany's reparations bill at last has been funded on that basis by the Allies; the United States has followed the same rule in adjusting principal payments and interest rates with those of its debtors who have stepped up to the counter. Italy received more relief than did Great Britain, and more than is embodied in the unratified debt agreement



THE BACKGROUND

with France; but Italy's ability to pay is demonstrably less than that of Great Britain and France.

Through these ten years the reparations question has dominated the post-war program. At this distance it is clear that the sums assessed against Germany at Versailles were impossible of collection. No German government which the Allies would trust, no government resting upon popular sanctions, could squeeze those sums out of the German people by taxation. After the politicians reached deadlock they called in financial experts—business men, economists, bankers. The persistent and intelligent course of these amateur statesmen in the post-war settlement rather puts to shame the professional statesmen. The latter had a big inning at Washington in 1922, waited three years for Locarno and another three years to rally round the Kellogg Pact.

The World War will continue to dominate events

through a period longer than the life of any man who saw it through. There will be other disarmament conferences after that of 1930, other conferences on reparations after that of 1929. The war will father customs unions twenty years or so after the guns stopped firing. In a sense everything done in the past ten years is preparatory to the founding of the United States of Europe. This concept has recently won kind words from no less a person than Briand, sure sign that at last it has emerged from propaganda into politics. Now it is fairly launched, an ideal of such practical utility can scarcely perish from the earth without a trial. In these and other adjustments the driving power will be the historic lessons of the World War. Men still unborn will find their life work in healing the wounds of 1914-18, so deeply did that mighty upheaval shake the opinions of peoples and the foundations of states.

Y GIRL

By Frances J. Gulick

WE GOT our uniforms today. The suit is dark bluish gray with a light blue collar, hat and muffler. There is a wonderful heavy cape which is stunning, we all think."

This from Paris to the family in November of 1917. After two distracting weeks of waiting I had my uniform. What next?

"Miss Gulick, we are sending you to Gondrecourt. The worst mudhole in France."

This from the man at Y.M.C.A. headquarters and I was on my way.

My ideas as to what awaited me at Gondrecourt were vague. All of my ideas were vague. Within the past six weeks much had happened. As soon as I had learned that women were being accepted for duty overseas I had volunteered as a "canteen worker" and by pulling a string got an early sailing. I have since learned that the Y practised diplomacy to get women with the A.E.F. By "assisting in the menial work in the canteen and kitchen," we were to free men for the front. On the boat we listened to lectures about the "beneficent influences" we "wholesome American girls" were to exert upon the troops exposed to the "perils and temptations" of foreign service.

On the train to Gondrecourt I speculated, very seriously, as to how one should go about it to exert upon troops the influences expected. I wondered if it were anything like entertaining in a dance hall in Alaska that did not sell liquor, which had been my occupation two winters before.

For the next few weeks I was too busy to wonder. On my arrival at Gondrecourt just after dark a Y man piloted me through a crooked and absolutely dark street that was quite as muddy as anything I had anticipated to a little canteen in an Adrian barracks. There were candles in the hut and blankets over the windows to keep the light from showing outside. The place was filled with soldiers. I mixed a can of chocolate and put it on a stove to boil. After supper I served the chocolate and sold cigarettes, making change in French, English and American money, until closing time at 9:30. When the dishes and pots had been washed I was shown to my billet in a French dwelling.

Two days later the Y rented a three-story building, the lower floor of which had been a café. We were two weeks cleaning the place up. Between running the old canteen and getting the new one ready there was plenty to do. Ethel Torrance and I were the only women on the staff.

The grand opening was scheduled for seven in the evening. By six the street in front was a solid bank of men. They broke the glass in the front door pushing. It was a hectic night but a successful one. I was happy. For the first time I was convinced that this work we were doing meant something to the men. The next morning Ethel Torrance and I, with our skirts pinned up like peasant women working in a field, removed the mud from the floors with hoes.

I had begun to read some meaning in the life about me which at first had presented merely a bewildering composite of faces, faces, uniforms and muddy boots. Gondrecourt was the center of the principal training area for combat troops. The troops consisted of the First Division, some Marines and miscellaneous outfits. The First Division had been in the trenches. I seem to have learned these things through the pores of my skin. No one soldier told me that much. I never had a chance to talk to one soldier that long.

The weather was cold and miserable. The men lived in barns,



*Miss Frances
J. Gulick, from a
sketch by Edwin Earle*

attics and Adrian huts. All day they maneuvered in fields of mud and ice under the eyes of French and British instructors. I think the first thing I learned to distinguish on uniforms was the colors of the hat cords—blue for infantry, red for artillery and so on. My education progressed to the chevrons of the non-commissioned officers and last of all to the insignia of the officers. Once there was a big stew to get the canteen in shape because some colonel or other was coming to inspect it. I was not particularly pleased with the idea. Couldn't a colonel find anything else to do?

I was fussing with a green wood fire in a French stove when someone approached. He was an officer and all dressed up.

"Do you know how this damper works?" I asked by way of introduction.

Horrors! It was the inspecting colonel. But he knew how the damper worked and I felt better about colonels after that.

One busy day a telegram came saying that my father and mother would arrive from Paris that evening. They had come to France on missions having to do with

relief work. After the first thrill of the meeting the presence of my parents in Gondrecourt gave me the queerest feeling. Never before had I realized with what imperceptible swiftness I had become a part of the military universe surrounding me. Home was incredibly remote. News of my friends with whom I had grown up seemed curiously flat and trivial. They lived in another world which had ceased to concern me a great deal.

On January 15, 1918, the First Division started back to the front. The weather was the worst of the winter. The ground was a sheet of snow and ice. A rain that began to fall at dawn turned into sleet. Under their heavy packs the infantry slipped and slid all over the roads. Artillery horses could not keep their feet.

When the last unit reeled out of sight the canteen seemed strangely quiet. More troops were coming to Gondrecourt, but these would not be of the First Division, our pioneers in France. The Twenty-sixth Infantry, the Seventh Field Artillery and the First Engineers—I had learned to bandy these names like a veteran. I was conscious of the fact that I had "served" with Regulars. I had a recruit's awe of the sergeants with their Cuban and Philippine service ribbons, and hoped they would come to the hut more than they did. But these old soldiers, famed in song and story for their ways with women, were very shy and the soul of embarrassed courtesy. In Germany, when we might have become better acquainted, they were nearly all dead.

A little while before it had never occurred to me that I might not spend the war at Gondrecourt. Now I wished to go with the First Division. But I was ordered to Paris for reassignment.

In Paris I had breakfast in bed, my hair washed, a manicure and a facial. Still under the effects of this spree I ran into Billy Schlauffler, an aviator, engaged to a girl friend of mine. I had learned that the First Division was near Toul and asked him to take me there in his plane. He bought me some tea at the Continental instead.

I went to the Y headquarters determined to try an experiment. Addressing the person in charge I asked in the most matter-of-fact way for my travel order to join the First Division—and nearly dropped dead when I got it.

Ethel Torrance and I made the trip in a truck, landing at



American soldiers in French uniforms at Field Hospital 3, Froissy, France, getting broth in cups from Y girls, Miss M. N. Arrowsmith filling the cups, supplied by Miss Gertrude S. Ely, out of a G. I. pail

Boucq, regimental headquarters of the First Engineers, where a big tent was ready for us. Boucq was on a hillside facing the front line, which was about twelve kilometers distant. We could see most of the way in the daytime and at night the flares were quite visible. The sound of artillery fire was always in our ears, and a few enemy shells fell about Boucq during our stay. Two German planes were shot down nearby. There was a good deal of raiding on the front for a quiet sector. Rather often we were awakened at night by the barrage and we knew that some of our men were dying. We were issued steel helmets and gas masks, but after a few days the helmets were only worn in rainy weather.

The shelling frightened me but I did my best to keep anyone from finding this out, and don't think anyone did. The attitude of the civil population of Boucq was helpful. Boucq was used to the war. Life flowed on in a fairly normal way. Every night there were friendly gatherings in the little winshop over which Miss Torrance and I slept, and the school children attended their classes carrying gas masks.

I was transferred to Sanzey on another part of the line. Company A of the First Engineers was there and in a woods just in front of us was the Fifth Field with the heavy guns. The men gave me an identification tag to hang about my neck with my name, my religion and "1st U S Eng" stamped upon it. I cannot tell you the pride I took in that dog tag. I belonged to an outfit!

For the first time I began to learn the names of some of the men.

A company of the Second Engineers was also in that area, and this outfit furnished me two volunteer dishwashers—Small George and Middle-Sized Ed, who measured six feet three and six one respectively. Small George (George Bell) was a telephone lineman from the Black Hills of South Dakota and a gentleman if I ever knew one. I got a letter from him after he had gone. My answer came back with "Killed in Action" in red ink on the envelope.

In April the First Division was relieved by the Twenty-sixth. Ethel Torrance and I were sent to Foug to see the artillery brigade off. Erecting a stove on the railway station platform we made tea and passed out cigarettes and chocolate bars. A man could take his choice, and to my surprise most of them took chocolate. We also gave away about a hundred pounds of Black Jack chewing gum which I had brought along under the impression that it was Black Jack chewing tobacco. Moreover I had salvaged one of those plug tobacco cutters with a handle such as you used to see in country grocery stores. Getting out my cutter I knocked open the Black Jack—and imagine my chagrin! The boys laughed it off as a good joke on *us girls*! I carried that tobacco cutter in my bedding roll through the war and became an expert in its proper use.

Miss Torrance and I started serving the boys on a Saturday morning and saw the last box-car loaded with men and horses in a downpour of rain on the Monday morning following. During this time we had no sleep, though we spelled one another resting on a pile of straw in an iron hoghead that stood on the station platform.

My heart was broken again because I could not go with the division. But after staying on for the Twenty-sixth for a month I managed to scramble back with the First at Bonvillers on the Cantigny front.

This sector was active. The French heavy artillery was back of us shooting over our heads, and in front were the seventy-fives of the Sixth and Seventh Field. I

messed with the officers of the Second Field Signal Battalion. Bonvillers had been rather shot up and was becoming more so. If I could get to sleep before the shelling started I usually slept through it, however, and could only judge the intensity of fire in the morning by the amount of dust shaken from the plaster onto my bedclothes. This sounds as though I had become war-hardened and brave, but it is not so. I never (Continued on page 48)

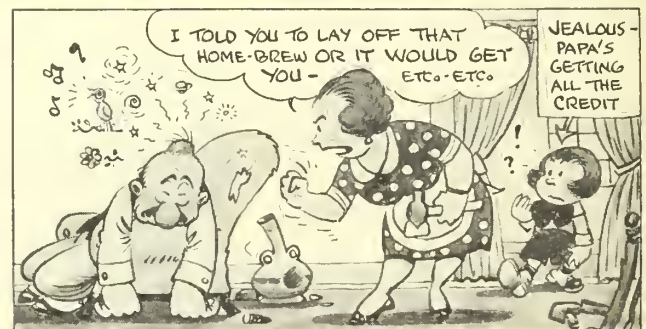
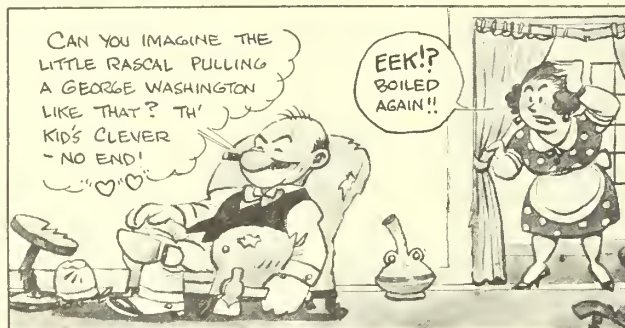
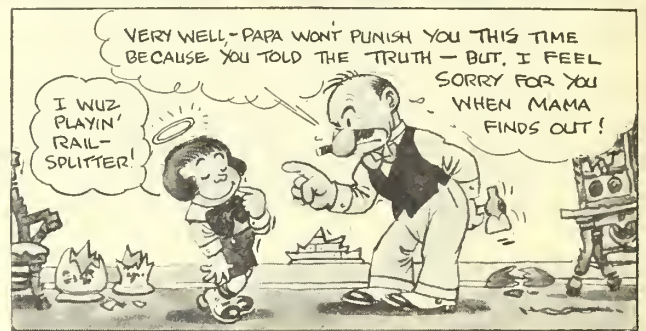
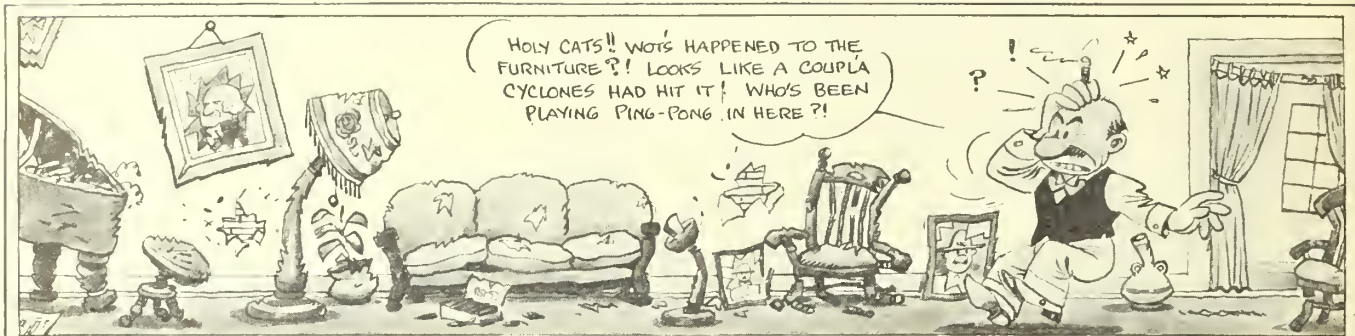


Y girls taking pot luck from a mess kit with doughboys at Coblenz

HE KNEW HIS HISTORY

The Sunday Comic Kid Tries Out the Famous Old Recipe

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

THE NAVAL LIMITATIONS CONFERENCE will be in full swing in London when the postman brings this to your door.

Real Or Sham Success

Statesmen and experts of the delegations of the great Powers, in a cloud of propaganda, will be striving to insure peace and give us more money to spend on other things than armaments. May that object be gained and not defeated by resulting bitterness that will promote costly wars wiping out all present economies. If the nations are not too truculent, it will succeed.

THIRTY YEARS AGO the pioneer peace conference was held at The Hague. Both Russia and Germany were mighty in its

World Ups and Downs

councils. Both are out at London owing to military defeat. The United States, which had a back seat at the Hague, and Japan, which was even more disregarded, are mighty now. France now worries less about Germany than Italy, her victorious ally against Germany. The Mediterranean, scene of historic sea engagements, takes the place of the North Sea as a possible European naval battle ground.

IN THIS AGE of specialism the naval experts play second fiddle in a naval conference. The statesmen reason that

Experts Are Out

naval officers demand bigger navies for their own selfish sake. But only they know the "yardstick"; only they can know what the other fellow is trying to put over; only they understand the nature of the forces which are to be limited. The nation which neglects their advice may find too late that it is outgeneraled as we found we were after the Washington Conference.

DELEGATES of the other nations will have their minds on Europe. They have not been to the Far East. On the other

They Know Their Onions

hand the Japanese know Europe. They will be governed by experts. The Japanese Minister of the Navy, who must be an Admiral on the active list, will have the final decision. In the preoccupation of European rivalries who would bother to quarrel over points with faraway little Japan?

IT IS THE defense of the whole American continent and its seas and just how far we mean to be powerful in the Pacific.

Our Own Interest

There was no limitation on cruisers at the Washington Conference. Britain and Japan have far outbuilt us, which was their privilege. If we do not build up to our allotment after this conference then the ratio be-

comes only a phrase, like the "million men springing to arms over night." All the wealth in the world cannot build a cruiser in less than two years.

NO STOPPING THESE United States. It is a period of opportunity. The brave and enterprising have their chance to

Blaze It Full Page

take the place of the faltering in the front ranks. Time has confounded the grouches of each generation and rewarded the optimists. If you are starting a new business then let the market know you are by advertising. If you would increase an established business, double your advertising.

OUR NEW NATIONAL COMMANDER is not traveling as much as his predecessors. They met the needs of their time. He

Bodenhamer, The Organizer

meets the need of his. Personal contact in all parts of the country is not now so necessary when Legion spirit is so secure. A master organizer on the job at Headquarters, in daily touch with all branches which he knows already by travel and experience, will bind the whole together in efficient integrity for the common purpose. And Legion membership grows.

JANE ADDAMS, VETERAN of forty years' service at Hull House in Chicago, may now and then take a fling at subjects

Where Crime Begins

with which she is unfamiliar; but in her own field hers is a deep experience. She says the great weakness of boys is that they "like to pull off something that other boys cannot do." Cleverness which succeeds in stealing an automobile tire leads to stealing an automobile and to a career of crime. Therefore, making crime smart and romantic encourages crime.

EDWARD N. HURLEY says that the leading industrialists of the nation, in common action, can prevent war by refusing

Here Is One Hurley

the fighters supplies. But what if the industrial magnates of the belligerent nation do not agree with their view? Did those of one side in 1914 prevent those of the other waging war and keeping it up for four years? Italy, which is not so rich a country, has supplies in hand to carry on war for a year. Japan, which is not rich, has supplies to carry on for two years, and the rich granary of Manchuria for reserve food stuffs. This is not saying that either country contemplates war, but that if they decided to make war, no group of industrial magnates in America could prevent them. Frequently in (Continued on page 60)

KEEPING

ON FEBRUARY 22d last year, a score of dignified gentlemen in knee breeches, powdered wigs and frilled collars walked along the streets of Alexandria, Virginia, until they came to the doorway of a house whose green shutters and age-encrusted bricks marked it as very old. One of the courtly pedestrians, a man whose lacy cuff showed snow-white above the hand that held his cane, lifted the door knocker and let it fall. Quick upon the echo of the iron knocker from the hall within, the door opened and another aristocratic figure appeared in the doorway and bade the visitors enter.

Alexandria had stepped back to the age of George Washington. In the procession that passed along the streets of the town on Washington's Birthday in 1929 were George Washington's friends and neighbors, impersonated by members of Alexandria Post of The American Legion and the Washington Society. The building which they entered was Gadsby's Tavern, erected in the latter years of the eighteenth century, the scene of many famous events in the life of Washington and the stirring years preceding and following the Revolution. After a century of more humble use, it has regained the semblance of its old glory through reconstruction by Alexandria Post with the help of patriotic citizens of Alexandria. The procession of the Legionnaires, garbed in the costumes of the Virginia of Revolutionary War days, dramatized for everybody the post's plans for the reconstruction of the old tavern and the preservation of other landmarks a century and a half old.

The tavern was only one place the procession stopped. Other places were the Old Presbyterian Meeting House, Christ Church, the home of Light Horse Harry Lee and the churchyard in which are buried many heroes of the Revolution. Among those heroes, incidentally, is the Unknown Soldier of the Revolution, whose grave is marked with a tablet erected by Alexandria Post.

All Alexandria today gives credit to Alexandria Post for its spirit in restoring Gadsby's Tavern and the two structures adjoining it to serve as a center for pilgrims from all parts of the country who come to visit Alexandria's shrines of early patriotism. Alexandria Post has its clubrooms in an addition to the tavern completed just before 1800. The original old tavern is being restored as nearly as possible to the splendor of Washington's day. The magnificent original woodwork of the tavern's

ball room and other halls has been transported to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where the rooms have been duplicated. Alexandria Post is replacing the transported woodwork.

"We believe that the birth of this nation was in these buildings which we are restoring," writes F. Clinton Knight, Past Commander of Alexandria Post and Past Commander of the Department of Virginia, now postmaster of Alexandria. "Nowhere else can one find so many close associations with the important events of Washington's time and the happenings of his everyday life. Here he received the first mission that led him on his expedition of protest against French encroachments in the West, a mission that led up to the French and Indian War. Here he mingled with his friends and neighbors and took part in the affairs which preceded and followed the Revolution. We have published booklets giving the details of Washington's life here to supplement the facts which can be found in most histories of Colonial days—facts most of us have forgotten.

"Four years ago we conceived the idea that the post should adopt a civic objective. We learned that the Gadsby Tavern buildings could be bought for \$18,000. The post voted at a meeting to buy the tavern as a clubhouse and restore it to its original state with the help of citizens outside the Legion. We speedily raised \$10,000, which we have used to restore the tavern proper. We must have additional financial help before we can complete our program. Henry Ford is one of those who has shown great interest in our program. He recently visited the tavern. The whole undertaking is strictly the Legion's and we are sure that when we have carried out our work the whole country will regard this center as a national shrine."

The town of Alexandria stands on the west bank of the Potomac, six miles south of Washington. It was incorporated by act of the Virginia Assembly in 1748 with George Washington's elder brother, Lawrence, as a member of its governing body. The town has been called the gateway between the North and the South, and Gadsby's Tavern, in the town's center along the King's Highway leading from the old state capital at Williamsburg, entertained most of the celebrities of Revolutionary War days. It was the popular social center at a time when the Washingtons, the Lees, Fairfaxes, Fitzhughs, Randolphs and



Garbed as friends and neighbors of George Washington, Alexandria (Virginia) Legionnaires observed last Washington's Birthday by visiting noted landmarks of their city which they are preserving. Restoration of the historic Gadsby Tavern is the post's most conspicuous community service



other celebrated families gave color to the community's life. It was also the town's political center during Washington's time.

Oldest Legion Clubhouse

BY TAKING advantage of a technicality, Northumberland (Pennsylvania) Post may be able to maintain successfully against Alexandria (Virginia) Post the record of owning the oldest clubhouse in The American Legion. That is, unless some other post can step forward and exhibit a clubhouse which was built before 1770. Northumberland Post recently acquired Oak Hall, a twenty-two-room Colonial mansion that was built by Reuben Hains, who founded the town in 1772. The house is the center of an estate of thirty-six acres.

Two stories, of brick painted a Colonial yellow, with dark green shutters, Oak Hall is regarded as one of the finest existing specimens of early Colonial architecture. Antique collectors flocked to Oak Hall just before the post bought it. They paid surprising prices for chairs, lamps, tables, sewing stands, clocks and desks which had come down from the days of the house's builders. A small piece of the house's original wallpaper sold for \$50.

Alexandria Post, while owning and restoring Gadsby's Tavern, which was built in 1752, has been maintaining its clubrooms in an adjoining section of the building which was built in 1792 or later.

By Its Deeds

NORTH CHICAGO lies thirty miles north of the metropolis of Chicago and it is the home of Sharvin Post. Had the citizens of North Chicago last year summoned to the public stage all the town's organizations to ask them to give good reasons for their existence, Sharvin Post might have cited these things, among others:

It initiated plans for a system of garbage disposal and kept after the council until it saw the system put into effect.

It held public political meetings, giving candidates of all parties full opportunity to present their pleas to the voters under strictly neutral auspices.

It conducted a children's week in which pupils of all schools elected a set of junior city officials to double with the city's regular officeholders, thereby giving boys and girls an understanding of the machinery of local government.

It resurrected an almost defunct Association of Commerce and co-operated with it in conducting North Chicago Day, an event that brought 20,000 visitors to town.

It conducted a contest among all school children that resulted in the selection of the name Argonne Drive for a new memorial boulevard which the post had successfully advocated.

International Shrine

AMONG the pine-covered hills about Mount Holly, New Jersey, a new park is taking form and this spring bright flowers will ornament recently-planted lawns. Here, under the reverent care of Mount Holly Post of The American Legion, will rise a monument to Captain Carranza, the good-will flyer of Mexico—Mexico's Lindbergh—who lost his life in the Jersey pines when his plane crashed to earth during a storm last year while he was returning from New York City to Mexico.

The State of New Jersey bought the land for the park, which will ever be a shrine to the citizens of Mexico. Mexican school

children contributed to a fund for a monument in memory of Captain Carranza. In honoring the Mexican flyer's memory this summer, Mount Holly Post sponsored an aerial ceremony. Three flower-laden planes dropped floral tributes over the spot where Captain Carranza's plane fell, while Legionnaires on the ground were formed in a guard of honor.

Pole to Pole

WHEN the radio flashed word back from Antarctica that Legionnaire Richard E. Byrd and his fellow Legionnaires, Harold I. June and Bernt Balchen, had achieved their great air triumph by flying over the South Pole,

three Legion posts rejoiced. In Winchester, Virginia, Robert Y. Conrad Post celebrated the latest glory of its fellow Virginian, Commander Byrd. In Bristol, Rhode Island, Kearney Post remembered the promise Harold I. June had made to drop the post's flag at the South Pole and to bring back to the post a duplicate of the flag which he would carry with him on his flight. The flags were presented to June in the presence of Governor Norman S. Case of Rhode Island by B. W. Wall, Past National Executive Committeeman for Rhode Island, when Kearney Post helped its city observe Harold I. June Day a year



This 22-room, old Colonial mansion, built soon after 1772, is now the clubhouse of Northumberland (Pennsylvania) Post, which believes that, making allowances for the record of Alexandria (Virginia) Post, it has the oldest clubhouse in The American Legion. Any other post have an older one?

K E E P I N G S T E P

and a half ago, just before the Byrd expedition sailed south.

Advertising Men's Post in New York City remembered the day it entertained both June and Balchen at a luncheon just before they sailed and presented them with a pair of hydraulic jacks of a new type, tools the post thought would be useful to explorers. Radio dispatches had indicated the Legionnaires in the Antarctic had found plenty of occasions for using the jacks, particularly when the expedition's snowmobile, which was finally abandoned, stalled on a trip to establish the depots which made the big flight possible.

While these posts were rejoicing over the Byrd flight, Carrol O. Flesche Post of Hatton, South Dakota, was mourning the reported loss of Legionnaire Ben Eielson, post member, who took part with Captain George H. Wilkins, the Australian explorer, in a dramatic west-to-east flight across the regions about the North Pole. On this flight, Eielson, flying from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen, had carried with him the flag of Dorman H. Baker Post of Fairbanks, Alaska. Eielson disappeared in November in Northern Alaska after setting out on a flight to a trading ship caught in the ice.

Wilkes-Barre Way

WHEN Wilkes-Barre (Pennsylvania) Post ended its membership season by taking in 413 new members at a single initiation, thereby raising its total enrollment to 1,765, it had given to the rest of the Legion a plan guaranteed to give any post the highest membership in its history if carried out with Wilkes-Barre energy and enthusiasm.

In each of twelve consecutive months Wilkes-Barre Post recruited a new class of candidates for membership, each class

being named in honor of an outstanding Legionnaire of the post. Naturally, according to Mike Bernstein, post spokesman, each of the twelve men after whom classes were named did everything he could to make his own class as large as possible, and of course all his friends in the post lined up behind him for that effort.

"General Bill McLean, the highest type of citizen in Wilkes-Barre, was sponsor of the first class," reports Mr. Bernstein. "President judge of the Luzerne County bench, commander of the 53d Brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard, he brought into the post in that first month 145 new members. The second class was named after William B. Healey, Past Department Commander and Past National Vice Commander, executive secretary for the Knights of Columbus in Wilkes-Barre. The drive for new members for the Healey class was centered on eligibles among the K. of C.'s. Then came a class named after John MacLuskie, county sheriff and president of musicians' union. The MacLuskie class brought into the post en masse a surpassingly good American Legion band.

"The fourth class was named in honor of Ernest G. Smith, publisher of the Wilkes-Barre *Times-Leader*, a fighter for the civic betterment of the community, hard-boiled, soldierly, aristocratic in bearing but democratic in action.

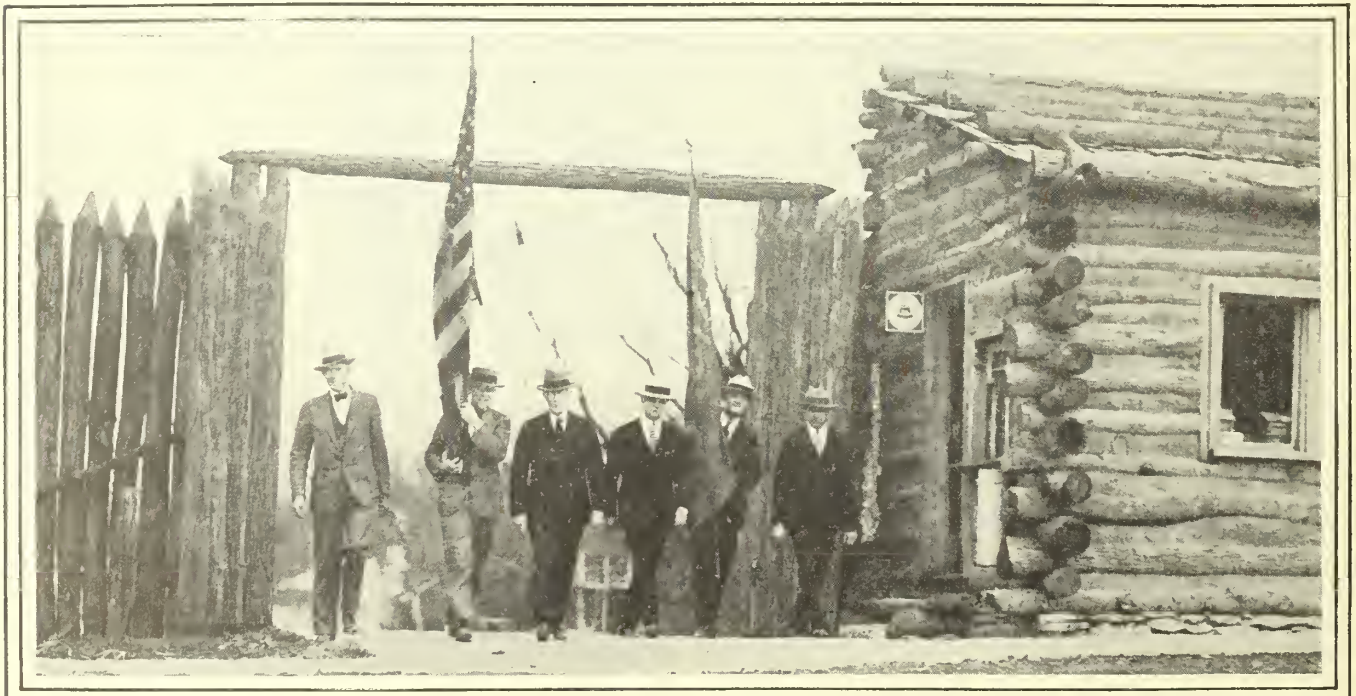
"With Memorial Day approaching, the next class was named after General Asher Miner, Wilkes-Barre's most distinguished soldier who died of wounds

several years after the war. Many veterans who served under General Miner in the 100th Field Artillery of the Twenty-eighth Division enrolled as a mark of honor to him.

"Classes were then named in honor of Dr. Lee C. Mundy,



Harold I. June of Kearney Post of Bristol, R. I., flying with Commander Byrd over the South Pole, dropped a flag his post presented to him. Left, Governor Case of Rhode Island. Right, B. W. Wall, Past National Executive Committeeman



Harrodsburg (Kentucky) Post plants its colors inside the walls of old Fort Harrod, the center of Kentucky's oldest settlement, where pioneers stood off attacks of the Indians and planned towns of today. Harrodsburg Legionnaires entertained, at the old fort, many hundreds of Legionnaire visitors during the Louisville national convention

KEEPING STEP



These members of Morristown (New Jersey) Post represented "The Spirit of '76" in the community celebration conducted by the post on the 150th anniversary of the arrival of Washington's Army in Morristown. The Ford Mansion, in the background, was Washington's headquarters in two winters. The post is preserving this and other landmarks in an effort to make their town a pilgrimage center like Valley Forge

who had given notable assistance to disabled men in connection with their claims; Benjamin F. Evans, chairman of the post's relief committee; Edward F. McGovern, chairman of the legal committee; Luther M. Kniffen, county coroner and prominent in Shrine circles; Reverend P. B. Pauxtis, former Army chaplain and a leader among citizens of Lithuanian birth and descent, and William E. Manneer, Wilkes-Barre's postmaster.

"The final month's class was named in honor of Joseph F. Keller, chairman of the post membership committee. By intensive effort there were enrolled in this class so many members that the post clubhouse proved too small for the class initiation. This class of 413 made our post the largest in Pennsylvania."

A photograph of Wilkes-Barre Post's record-breaking class of new members appears as an illustration on page 34 of this issue. Mr. Bernstein adds these important facts:

"All through the campaign, wonderful help was given by the post publicity committee, composed of newspapermen. We knew that simply signing men up doesn't insure future strength. We gave everybody that complete understanding of the Legion which must be the foundation of our permanent strength."

Washington in New Jersey

WHEN Morristown (New Jersey) Post helped its town celebrate the 150th anniversary of the coming of the Continental Army to Morristown, Nature did her share to make the celebration true to the traditions of Valley Forge and other memorable Colonial winter days. She pressed down the thermometer toward the zero mark and sent a bitter wind whipping across the heights on which Washington's soldiers camped a century and a half ago.

Morristown Legionnaires and comrades from neighboring posts knew some of the sensations of Washington's chilled and

footsores doughboys as they bravely marched in a parade that led to the Ford Mansion, which was Washington's Headquarters while the Army was in Morristown. Morristown Post is raising funds for the purchase of this house, working against time to prevent it from falling into the hands of real estate interests intent on carving up the estate into an allotment. At the same time, the post is preserving other landmarks.

"We hope to have these historic scenes preserved as a national or state park," writes Legionnaire William M. Prior.

Not far from Morristown is Bound Brook, where Giles-Biondi Post is also seeking to preserve other reminders of Washington's campaign, including the camp ground on which the flag of the thirteen colonies was first raised over Colonial Army headquarters after its adoption by Congress. Giles-Biondi Post is also seeking to have historic houses which served as headquarters for Washington and his generals preserved in a national or state park, according to Legionnaire D. Beronio.

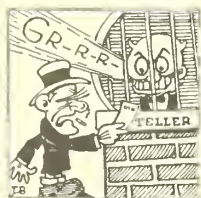
Speed on Old Trails

IN THE days of the Forty-niners, the town of Jackson was planted in the California foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. It stands today, as then, within a few miles of Sutter Creek, whose gold strike of eighty years ago brought the footloose fortune hunters of the East and Middle West racing across country or sailing around the Horn. Jackson today is a busy town, cherishing its traditions of the gold rush days.

"We think of the old mining days every time we make a run with the fine ambulance our post provided for our town a few months ago," relates H. L. Dayton, Adjutant of Amador Post. "Three-quarters of a century ago, sick and injured gold hunters were borne over trails to the seacoast—long and painful journeys. Today, our mountain (Continued on page 53)

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



'TAINT FAIR

(Resentful lines inspired on reading that some pencil scratchings by the President, with his autograph attached, have been sold by a collector for umpteen billion dollars, or something like that.)

When Herbert Hoover makes a scrawl
The autograph collectors
Will rush and snarl and scrap and brawl
From all adjacent sectors.

But when your boy friend signs his name,
If, as, and when requested,
It always comes back just the same,
With this note: "Check protested."

And some day some committee will discover that the reason why this Hoover jumble of circles and triangles is worth so much money is that it was drawn upside down . . . Probable title, "Insurgent Congressmen Descending a Staircase."

This world of ours is getting to be just one great big village. Why, we can remember when the South Pole was considered to be way down town.

TIMES DON'T CHANGE

"When I first met Lord Dawson of Penn he was a medical student and I was a city clerk."—James Ramsay Macdonald.

*"When you were a student and I was a clerk,
Ah, those were the days, Lord, that we had to work!"
"But, Ramsay, now we must be even more prudent,
Since you lay off clerking and I quit as student."*

February is a pretty good month after all, despite the brief interval between bills-due-day and bills-rendered-due-day. In it are included the birthdays of two prominent friends, Mr. Washington and Mr. Lincoln, and yet we don't feel that we are obliged to send presents.

PLANE PUTS TSITSIHAR ON MAP—Heading in New York Sun

Even Commander Byrd never got as far south in achievement as that!

Students in an American university were paid one dollar an hour to drink coffee in a test to determine what effect, if any, caffeine has on the human system. If the A.E.F. brand of coffee was used this is the most glaring example of under-payment that has ever come to our attention.

Thomas A. Edison says he has discovered certain weeds that can produce rubber. Any amateur gardener who has ever tried to pull the darned things up will vouch that they're elastic enough.

Our notion of the world's softest job is running a clipping bureau for a movie actor whose voice doesn't register well for the talkies.

The Seventy-first Congress is now well under way. Oh, well, as some optimist has suggested, the first seventy Congresses are the hardest.

Early (in the morning) to bed, and early (in the afternoon) to rise, and you'll wind up in the psychopathic ward.

It is our contention that there is too much ballyhoo about aviation these days and that there is small chance for the few of us who remain with our feet on the ground to land on the front page unless we are fortunate enough to commit some particularly ghastly murder. This nation is becoming altogether too hot-air-minded.

An anti-noise crusade has been going on in New York, and seems to be a complete success. The racket made by its promulgators has completely drowned out all the motor back-firing.

Of course, you could refer to a bootlegger as being an unconscientious objector.



The Prince of Wales, it appears, has taken up knitting, but none of the dispatches tell *what* he is knitting. Our advice, based on sad experience: In case of war, turn out some socks for the soldiers—the enemy soldiers.

The men who had been watching him for several days knew he had been out late Tuesday night, shooting scraps and probably would sleep late. . . . Something of their perturbation, perhaps, was communicated to the corned gunman.—*The New York World*.

The poor little defenseless scraps! . . . And it sounds more as if it might have been the newspaperman who was corned.

My wife, Rose Dinner, having left me I will not be responsible for debts, purchases or obligations. Benjamin Dinner, 412 Grand av., Astoria, Long Island.—*"Personal" ad*.
Just out to lunch, maybe.

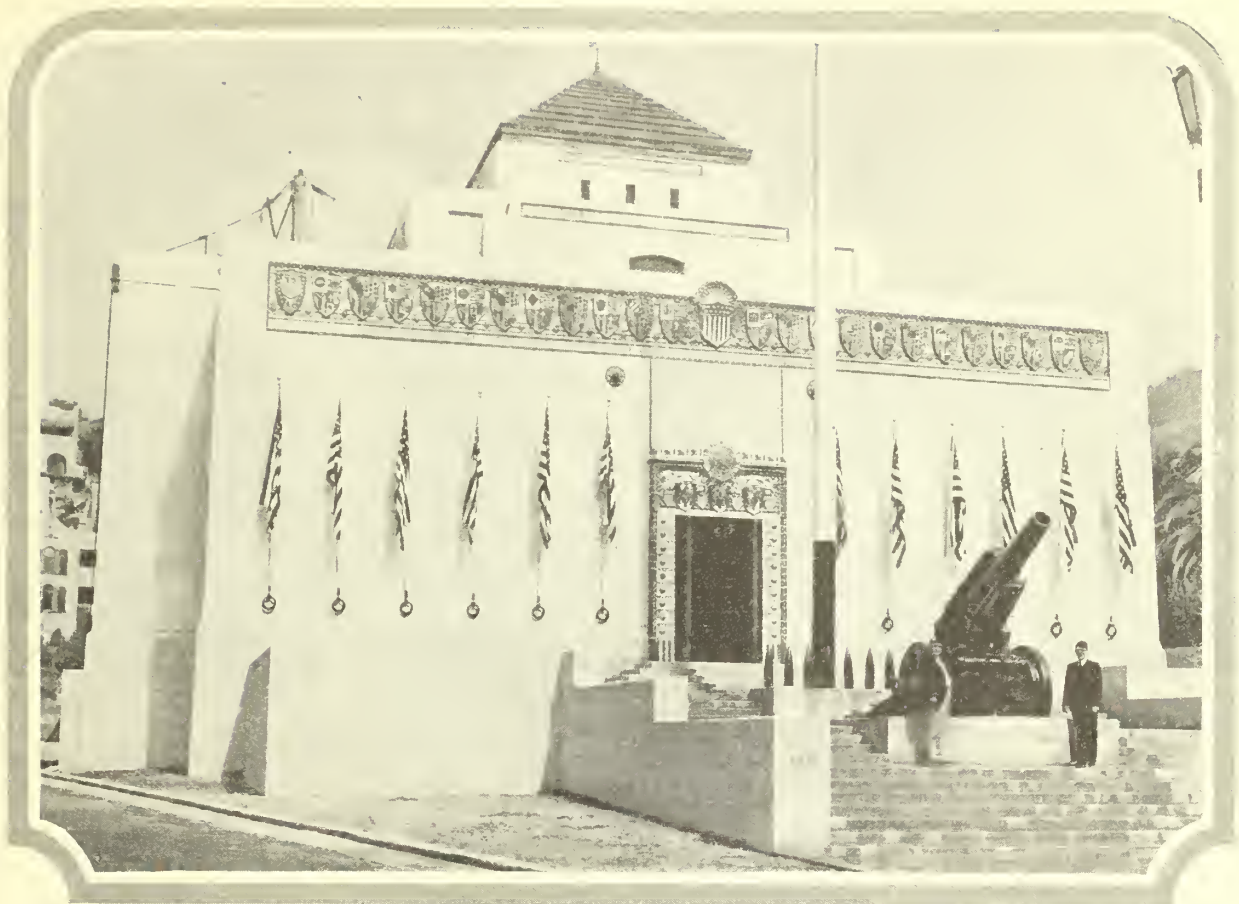
MIDWINTER BRAINSTORM

*The spot for some coming convention,
We might pick out now, just as well.
So here is my modest contention
The Equator'd be perfectly swell.*



It appears, from the experience of one Francis Francis (you heard me the first time), wealthy young Englishman and member of the King's Guard, and his fiancée, Sunny Jarmann, described as an "American movie star," that in England one is obliged by regulation to leave the service if he is to marry an actress. And oh, there were many, many cold, wet mornings ten or eleven years ago when we'd have just loved to marry actresses!

There's one comfortable thing about this country. Whenever a crying emergency comes, which happens about three times a day, somebody just appoints a committee of investigation to look into it. The committee goes out and plays golf, or stays in and shoots crap, and everybody's happy.



In the midst of a community that builds today to tear down tomorrow—Hollywood, California, capital of movies and talkies—Hollywood Post's new clubhouse assumes something of the permanence of the Pyramids

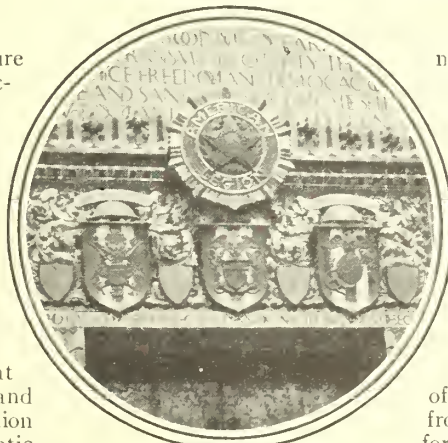
ON LOCATION *to* STAY

SOONER or later everybody comes to Hollywood. Walking through the vast studios and in the great vistas of the open-air motion picture lots, the visitor is bewildered at the succession of scenes that clamorously overwhelm his imagination. In one place he sees crusaders before the walls of Jerusalem. A few steps farther on he finds pith-helmeted, sweating hunters beating their way through a jungle. Going on, he looks upon bearded and red-shirted miners in a gold-rush town. Turning a corner, he has the illusion of being in the midst of a metropolis, with tall buildings all about him.

He is dazzled by all this unreality that seems so real. He marvels at the genius and the ingenuity of the craftsmen of the motion picture industry that create at will the romantic or glamorous background for a picture story of any age or any clime. But of course as he walks through filmland he gets behind-the-scenes views. He sees what lies just behind the magnificent false fronts—the skeleton work of the supporting structures. And always there is the conflict of impressions—the sense of beauty and completeness of the scene as the camera sees it and the around-the-corner feeling of disillusionment produced by a view of the stage settings. Coming away, it may be the impressions of insubstantiality, of pretense, that endure.

Today, the Legionnaire visitor to Hollywood may leave the

By Clarence L. Kincaid



Above the massive bronze doors leading into the clubhouse are the insignia of Army, Navy and Marine Corps, beneath the Legion seal and the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution

studios and the open-air gigantic settings and find a structure which will completely restore his belief in the permanency of things. In the midst of the city of Hollywood he will come upon the new clubhouse of Hollywood Post of The American Legion. Seeing it, he will think instinctively of the Pyramids—not of the Pyramids of the picture lot but of the Pyramids that have stood in Egypt for several thousand years. Before him is a building of solid concrete, beautifully decorated, colorful with the symbolism of the World War and rich in architectural reminiscence of an earlier glorious era of history.

This building, with its ornamented entrance of colored terra cotta set in a solid concrete front, with broad steps and terraces in the foreground and graceful tower and pyramid surmounting it, was produced by Legionnaires at a cost of \$270,000. It represents not only the home of a Legion post but also a memorial to the fighting divisions of the American Army and every American who took part in the World War. It is the product of two American Legion architects and also of Legionnaires in widely diversified arts and crafts. Into its walls

and halls went the same spirit and labor which gave form to medieval cathedrals—it is the expression of an ideal by men inspired. It is Hollywood Post's contribution to the spirit of The American Legion, and Hollywood believes that no one can look upon it without being reminded of the (Continued on page 58)



The National Legislative Committee of The American Legion speaks to Congress in the name of more than 800,000 World War service men, marching shoulder to shoulder toward the Legion's objectives. Here is a glimpse of 413 new members, initiated at one time by Wilkes-Barre (Pennsylvania) Post—reinforcements in the Legion's campaign for the disabled

The OBJECTIVES

THE Seventy-first Congress is in regular session at

By Ferre C. Watkins

Washington. Holidays are past and Congress after convening on January 6th has started the legislative task which will continue until it has been completed. There have seldom been as many important veterans' matters before a Congress as at present. It is vitally important that each member of The American Legion be able to answer intelligently inquiries regarding the position of our organization on the various matters in our legislative program, and to discuss with the leaders of thought in his community the merits of these issues.

The Legion's legislative program is a graphic and definite answer to the question, "What is the Legion and why should it have my support?" It consists of serious, unselfish, vital requests for legislation from Congress in keeping with the resolutions which came out of the national convention at Louisville.

The National Executive Committee of the Legion has wisely divided our legislative task into two groups, thus classifying the Louisville convention's resolutions under the heading of "major legislation" and "additional legislation."

The entire program is given below and it is extremely important that each member of the Legion be at least familiar with the leading legislative issues which the Legion is sponsoring before this Congress. Foremost in this year's program is the Louisville convention's requests for increased hospital construction—a total of ten thousand additional beds for our disabled.

With more than five thousand insane serv-

ice men throughout the United States having disabilities connected with their war service gathered into state and private hospitals, due to the lack of government hospital beds for them, an increasing interest has been manifested by the people of every State in the nation. When we consider that the nervous disorders and mental wreckage among war veterans is rapidly increasing, and has not yet reached its peak, and that it is three full years after legislation has been passed in Congress before hospitals can be located, ground bought, contracts let, and beds made ready for occupancy, it is apparent that we are more than three years behind in obtaining the eight thousand beds now lacking. This unselfish appeal, coming from the able-bodied men of the Legion, urging that our disabled be properly cared for, was carried to Washington personally by National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer when the new Congress was beginning to shape its year's work.

A partial victory in our fight for the hospitalization objective came just before Christmas when Congress passed an act authorizing much of the new construction the Legion recommended. Without a dissenting vote, the House and Senate passed this measure which appropriates \$15,950,000 to provide a total of 4,491 additional hospital beds. President Hoover signed the measure promptly. Encouraged by this victory, the National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee, as 1930 began, pressed forward to the legislative solutions of the additional hospital problems and other problems of the disabled.

(Continued on page 51)



Using Legion service to the disabled as his text, George S. Jungels added 144 members to Aurora (Illinois) Post

THEN AND NOW

*"Hoch der Kaiser!"—An Ex-Brass Hat Asks
for Aid—Veterans of Grand Blottereau—Marines
Command the Infantry—Where Is U. S. A. No. 9?—Notices*

ALMOST everyone by this time does or should know the story regarding the respective goals for which the several Allied armies were supposed to be fighting. In that story, you will remember it is claimed that apparently the Americans were fighting only for souvenirs.

One of the ex-souvenir hounds, John Gerry of Soperton, Wisconsin, member of Sylvian Post, entrusted with us his most-prized souvenir long enough that a reproduction could be made for Then and Now. It appears on this page.

Gerry tells us that he was a member of Company A, 150th Machine Gun Battalion of the Rainbow Division, and that while fighting in the Vesle Offensive north of Chateau-Thierry, he sustained wounds which landed him in a hospital at Toul. His story about how he got the picture of the Kaiser and his family is this:

"In October, 1918, while waiting to get returned to my outfit, I met a Sergeant Melette of the Fifth Division and a Private Ed Simmons or Simonds and with them went A. W. O. Loose in an ambulance which was hauling wounded from the Meuse-Argonne front. Somewhere along the Argonne front we met some fellows from the 77th Division and they told us there were a lot of prisoners up ahead. We were looking for souvenirs and so proceeded to confiscate anything that looked good.

"We found a dugout under a big hill—I should say it would hold about a thousand men and there were about 500 German prisoners in it. I told a corporal of the M. P.'s guarding the prisoners that we were from a hospital in Toul and wanted souvenirs and he said to help ourselves, which we did.

"I took the enclosed photo from a German officer whose rank was the same as our major's. There were three other officers with him in one compartment of the dugout. The major's name was Fischer and one of the other officers was a Lieutenant Steir, from whom I collected a fine pocket knife and a pair of field glasses.

"I had an awful time persuading the officer to give me the picture but I eventually got it."

Gerry states he would like to hear from former buddies and also from veterans of the New York 165th Infantry, particularly of Companies E, F and G. He says he remembers particularly Father Duffy, the chaplain, and adds: "He was a fine fellow and he and I resembled one another so much in looks that I was called upon to fill some of his obligations at different times."

NUMBERED among the artists whose contribution toward winning the war were the effective posters which aroused the country, was Neysa McMein. Readers of magazines are acquainted with the many cover designs which she has painted.

Miss McMein's war posters totaled fourteen—some of them

for her own country and some for France. But her war services did not stop there—she saw service also in the A. E. F. as a Y. M. C. A. entertainment lecturer.

One of her overseas works of art was a poster executed for the Service of Supply of the A. E. F. This poster depicts the figure of a soldier bearing a large case on his shoulder. On it is superimposed the lettering, "We Deliver the Goods—S. O. S." Wartime posters are now highly treasured and prints of them are scarce. So far as is known the original of this particular poster has been destroyed.

There is a call for a print of it from none other than James G. Harbord, major general, retired, who from July, 1918, to May, 1919, was commanding general of the Service of Supply. The request came direct from General Harbord, who is now president of the Radio-Victor Corporation of America and who may be addressed at the Woolworth Building, New York City.

Incidentally, the "Mother Take Down Your Service Flag" song of the A. E. F. does not apply to the general, because he is a fighter of long years. Private, corporal, sergeant and q. m. sergeant in 1889-91, he rose to the rank of major general in June, 1918. He went to France with General Pershing, serving as Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. from May, 1917, to May, 1918, commanded the Marine Brigade of the Second Division near Chateau-Thierry in June-July, 1918, and the Second Division in the Soissons fighting before taking up his duties with the S. O. S.

Can any Then and Now supply the general's wants?

WHILE it is quite common knowledge that the exigencies of war caused some peculiar assignments of Regular Army officers—such as cavalry officers commanding infantry outfits, infantry officers with artillery, and so on—here's a new wrinkle brought to light by Legionnaire James W. Block of Chicago, Illinois:

"How many men know that the 50th Infantry of the Fourth Division was probably the only Army outfit in the A. E. F. commanded by a Marine colonel? From about September 1, 1918, to February, 1919, our commanding officer was Colonel F. M. Wise, a tough, seasoned, hard-fighting, hard-swearing Marine—a real soldier, however.

"His recently published experiences, entitled 'A Marine Tells It to You' (Sears & Company, New York, publishers), will keep you up nights. Believe me, the 50th was lucky in getting a commander like Freddie Wise. Colonel Garber was no less capable a leader when he had the 50th before and after Wise.

"Colonel Wise came to the 50th Infantry early in September, 1918, and took command in a little town called Louppy-le-Petit. We got quick action out of him because that same day the outfit started for its sector near St. Mihiel. Wise had been through that territory with his Marines and that may account



Prized as a souvenir de guerre by John Gerry of Soperton, Wisconsin, is the above photograph of the ex-Kaiser and his family. Gerry obtained the picture from a captured German major in the vicinity of Montfaucon

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

for a Marine being assigned to an Army regiment of infantry. "The colonel sure knew his stuff. Most of us were scared stiff half the time because he looked as though he would tear your head off without much provocation—and he would, too, if he thought it necessary. But he was a square shooter and I never knew of him asking anyone to do anything he wouldn't do himself. He retained his Marine uniform and Second Division insignia as long as he was with us.

"He went through Belleau Woods with his Marines and having read so much about that tough fighting, it makes us 59th veterans feel good to have Wise say that we had a tougher dose up around the Bois de Brioules.

"The colonel had more or less contempt for the officers that came down from corps, army or G. H. Q. to find fault with us and he never feared any of them as is evidenced by his tearing up the records of anything that he thought was nonsense. He certainly had the inspectors pegged. They used to come around and look us over and then in about three weeks or more we'd get a report that some buck's shoes hadn't been shined. Wise called them crocodiles—they'd snap and sink and that's the last you'd hear of them . . .

"I believe the colonel now lives in Webster Springs, West Virginia, and I wonder if he remembers his old sergeant major. He took us into Germany after the fun ended and stayed until early in February when I think he went back to Haiti. There was quite a jolly party the night before he left from Eller-on-the-Moselle, and if I am not mistaken, Schilling, his driver, took the side off the Dodge when he hit a telephone pole. I wonder also if he remembers the time he sat in his underwear in his billet in Eller, about two or three o'clock in the morning, giving to me a list of recommendations for medals for some of our outfit?

"You know the poor old Fourth Division put in some tough licks but with all the newspaper boys with the Rainbow, 32d, First and Second, we weren't heard from, although I understand we were one of the six divisions regarded as the best abroad."

REMEMBER what a real thrill you got when you saw the first real American locomotive and train in France? Those iron horses and their accompanying American cars were a treat after seeing and riding the diminutive native trains.

Don C. Minick of Dean Horton Navy Post of Toledo, Ohio,

permits us a full-front view of the daddy of the imported American engines. Minick explains that he had belonged to Ledden-Young Post of Ridgway, Pennsylvania, but after moving to Toledo joined Dean Horton Navy Post, which, while largely composed of ex-gobs, has in its membership men representing practically all branches of service.

Minick's outfit was one of the pioneers of the A. E. F. as he explains in this letter:

"The 19th Engineers Regiment was mobilized and trained in Philadelphia. Its personnel consisted of young men experienced in various branches of railroad work. Two Regular Army officers, Colonel Herbert Deakyne (now brigadier general, C. of E.) and Captain (now Major) William F. Tompkins, C. of E., were assigned to the regiment. Other officers were civilians who had been associated with railroads in different official capacities.

"The regiment landed from the S. S. *Saxonia* in Le Havre, France, on August 30, 1917. Upon its arrival it was broken up, with regimental headquarters, First Battalion headquarters and Company A located in St. Nazaire for duty in the French shops known as Chantiers de la Basse Loire and Chantiers de l'Atlantique. The American troops worked independently of the French.

"On October 24, 1917, the Basse Loire shops turned out the first Baldwin locomotive, U. S. A. No. 9, which was shipped from the States in knock-down shape. We assembled these locomotives from the rails up and then tested them out. The picture of this first engine and part of the crew that worked on it was taken by me while in charge of the material yard at St. Nazaire. Later I was given command of Company M, located at Rennes.

"From October, 1917, to November, 1918, the 19th Engineers turned out 335 locomotives ready for service on French railroads.

"The first few locomotives, especially No. 9, depressed the French due to its deep-toned whistle, huge bell, awful noise when working and perhaps its size. These same locomotives, however, brought much joy to the American soldier in the A. E. F., for it seemed good to see an 'honest-to-goodness American-made locomotive.' It was something from 'God's country' that

had a real whistle, was operated by Americans and most generally hauled American-size freight cars—spacious 40 and 8's.

"I have the negative of the enclosed picture and will be glad to send a print of it to those boys who worked on old No. 9. Wonder where it is now?"

HOW many of the six thousand American soldiers who cleared through U. S. A. Base No. 11 remember that hospital which was located on the estate of Grand Blottereau, adjacent to Doulon, France, and about seven miles from Nantes on the Loire River? A picture of a part of

the hospital group is shown on this page and Paul O. Dunn, Chairman of the Board of the Veterans of Grand Blottereau and editor of the *Eleven News*, the organization's official publication, gives this information:

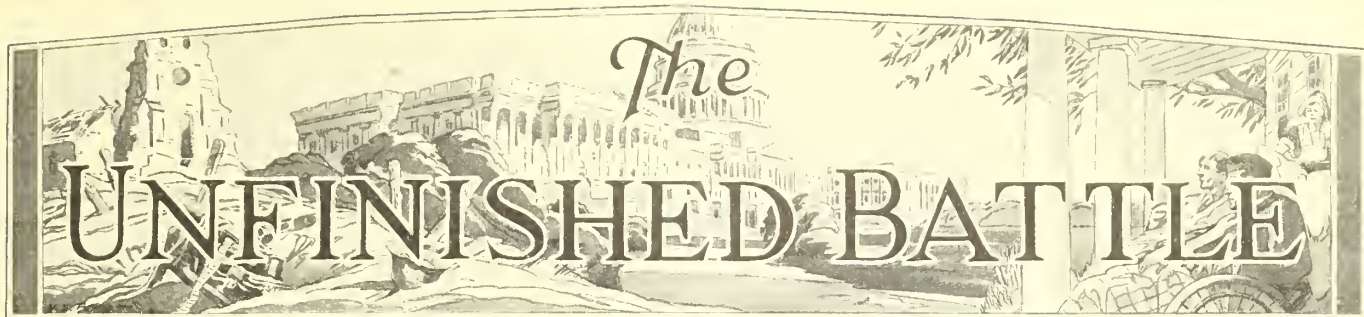
"I thought I could furnish some memories of the days of 1918-19 to many readers of Then and (Continued on page 56)



Old No. 9, the first American locomotive assembled by the 19th (Railway) Engineers in France. Don C. Minick will send copies of this picture to veterans of his outfit



Here we have a partial view of Base Hospital No. 11 at Grand Blottereau, France. Paul O. Dunn of Chicago tells us that the picture was taken from a switch tower of the P. & O. Railway, which bordered the grounds. Six thousand A. E. F. wounded received treatment here



ALTHOUGH The American Legion steadfastly remains out of politics, it should not stand idly by while a service man holding an appointment under government civil service is being removed from his position for purely political reasons, according to a bulletin issued by the National Legislative Committee. The bulletin cites the case of Stanley W. Crews, a service man who has been postmaster at Laurens, South Carolina, for eight years and has filled his office creditably. Despite Crews's record, an examination was called when his term expired. Crews passed the examination with a grade of 91.40 but the second man on the list, not a service man, who made a grade of only 79.2, was recommended for appointment. The American Legion in South Carolina, through Senator Blease, succeeded in having this nomination re-committed to the Senate committee when it was reported to the Senate for confirmation.

"This is a situation which has occurred in a great many places throughout the country during the past few years," comments the National Legislative Committee bulletin. "That is, a veteran who has held the position of postmaster and who has obtained the highest mark in the civil service examination, is displaced by a non-veteran obtaining a lower mark. When an attempt is made for political reasons to remove a service man from the position of postmaster, the Legion department should take it up at once with its senator so that when the nomination comes up on the floor it can be objected to."

THE Secretary of War stated in a report to Congress that up to November 15, 1929, 6,730 Gold Star mothers and widows had signified their intention of taking part in the pilgrimages to American graves overseas which the Government is making available to them. Of those listed, 5,323 said they wished to make the pilgrimages in 1930, while 1,407 said they preferred to go in 1931 or 1932.

The Government is assuming all the expenses of conducting the pilgrimages. The mothers and widows will travel in small groups under the guidance of officers detailed by the War Department. Legion posts everywhere are continuing their efforts to bring the pilgrimages to the attention of all mothers and widows eligible to take part in them. The War Department has announced that those making the pilgrimages will be informed of the names of their ships and dates of sailing long enough in advance to permit them to make arrangements for friends or relatives to accompany them. Of course, those going as companions to mothers or widows must pay their own expenses. They must make their own arrangements with the steamship companies.

EMPHASIZING the Government's responsibility to make proper provision for hospitals for mentally disabled veterans, the National Legislative Committee calls attention to Veterans Bureau figures which show that, although 48,242 men were kept from service at the beginning of the war because of mental deficiency or mental and nervous disorders, the incidence of mental and nervous disorders among war veterans today is somewhat higher than in the civil population.

The Veterans Bureau reported that known living veterans of the World War, Spanish American War and Civil War and other types of veterans numbered 4,647,699, and that service men receiving hospital treatment for mental and nervous disorders numbered 20,378. The bureau figured the incidence of nervous and mental disorders among veterans as 438.5 per 100,000. The rate shown by the

Bureau of the Census Report for a group of males of ages 35 to 39 was found to be 429.9 per 100,000.

Including veterans in hospitals, more than 50,000 mental and nervous cases are already connected with war service. It is expected need for hospital facilities will grow larger until 1947.

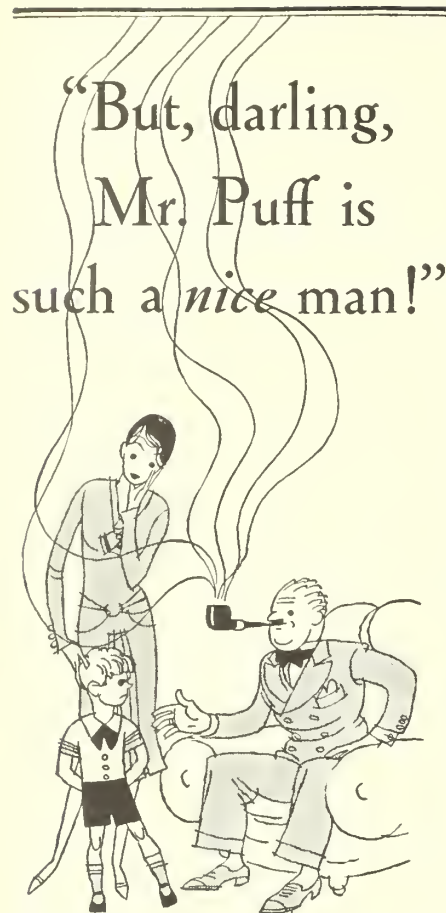
A RECENT amendment to the laws of Florida provides for disabled service men, under certain conditions, exemptions from payment of the occupational license tax, poll tax and tax on real and personal property. The conditions under which exemptions will be granted are numerous and a reading of the amendment to the law makes it obvious that many disabled men will not be entitled to the exemptions. An explanation of the provisions of the amendment, which applies to certain municipal and county taxes as well as state taxes, has been prepared for distribution by Fred H. Davis, Attorney General, State of Florida, Tallahassee, Florida.

ATENDING the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants at Indianapolis recently, Mrs. Julia Wheelock, Commander of the Department of Italy, with headquarters in Rome, expressed her confidence in Government Insurance when she took out a \$10,000, 20-year-endowment policy on her life, naming The American Legion as beneficiary and specifying that the sum should be used for veterans' relief and child welfare work. Mrs. Wheelock said she hoped she could help call to the attention of all service men the advantages of Government Insurance over insurance obtainable elsewhere. No other legal-reserve, premium-participating insurance, providing equal benefits with an equal guarantee of safety, is offered at premium rates as low as the government rates. The Government offers policies of seven different types and in amounts from \$500 to \$10,000. Application forms and detailed information may be obtained from any regional office of the Veterans Bureau or by writing to the bureau's central office in Washington, D. C.

LEGION posts everywhere and the office of the National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington, D. C., last month gave extraordinary assistance to service men wishing to obtain additional loans on their adjusted service certificates. On January 1, 1930, more than a million certificates automatically gained higher loan values. Those holders who had previously obtained loans and had not redeemed their certificates found themselves able to obtain an additional sum by completing necessary formalities. Inasmuch as the certificate is in effect a paid-up insurance policy, on which the Government will pay full face value twenty years after the certificate was issued if this sum has not been diminished by loans, the National Rehabilitation Committee advises that loans be obtained only in cases of real necessity, but the committee has done all it could to give advice and help to men making loans. Ordinarily, loans may be obtained quickly by presenting certificates to the nearest office of the Veterans Bureau and filling out required papers.

WATSON B. MILLER, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, will recommend to Congress the establishment of new diagnostic centers by the Veterans Bureau to supplement facilities offered by the existing centers at Cincinnati, Ohio, Palo Alto, California, and Washington, D. C. Mr. Miller urges that the centers be used for real problem cases and not for patients requiring only routine hospitalization. He calls attention to a tendency to use the centers at times for non-problem cases.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.



"But, darling,
Mr. Puff is
such a nice man!"

IT isn't the pipe that causes these embarrassing moments, Mr. Puff. It's the tobacco. Isn't it time you discovered Sir Walter Raleigh—patron saint of pipe smokers, who discovered how good a pipe can be? His favorite smoking mixture really *is* milder. It really *is* just about the richest, mellowest, mildest blend of choice Burleys you've ever smoked.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 2) When breaking in a new pipe, smoke your first few pipefuls slowly. Don't let your pipe get hot. Fast burning discolors and burns the wood and bakes the oils in the tobacco before the pipe is properly "seasoned." Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky. Dept. 61.



**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
Smoking Tobacco

It's



milder

New York to Washington in 23 Hours

(Continued from page 4)

country would break apart. In ancestry we are not naturally a united people. Our excellent channels of transportation and communication account for our very slight differences in dialect, customs and habits of thought. These are the reasons why any American, cast down in practically any American town, feels at home and knows his way around. It is the cause of what some critics term our standardized living, but what most of us feel is our unity of manners and customs.

We have about one-eighteenth the world's land area, but approximately one-third the world's total railway mileage. We have about 260,000 miles of railway line, about one mile for every 460 persons. For each person in our population the railroads move annually more than ten and one-half tons of freight nearly 340 miles, with a passenger trip of 260 miles thrown in for good measure. This high level of transportation is one measure of the high standard of living in this country.

Most of us know that railroad service has improved greatly during the past few years. Freight moves so much faster and surer that buyers who formerly carried large stocks to guard against delayed shipments now carry almost no reserve stocks. The consequent release of money—no one can estimate how many hundreds of millions of dollars it runs into—is an important contribution to current prosperity.

Our railroads, then, have made possible for our nation political unity, economic unity, improved social life. The wealth, the generally advanced condition of our nation is in large measure due to our enjoying for nearly a century cheap and efficient railway transportation.

The railroads have brought this national unity—not, to be sure, single-handed. But they have been one of the essential factors in the equation. It comes right back to what was said in an earlier paragraph: We could not have had a single nation of the United States without the railroad.

Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 17)

"Do you think they'll really form a new Army?" asked Rupert.

"Sure they will; didn't they pass the law?"

"Yes, but when?"

"Ah, that, me lad, I dunno. Armies are not made by passin' a law. First, where do ye put this Army? Second, with what do they clothe 'em? Each company must have a cook, and cooks ain't made by sayin', 'Here, you, what's yer name, fall out and act as cook.' Maybe a year from now they'll be ready. Maybe. I think that Washington is just goin' to stall an' thimberlig around an' hope an' pray the war'll be over without no Army from us."

"That's one of the reasons I'm putting in for the Regulars."

"Well, I wouldn't advise ye to. I'm for the new Army. If it could be worked an' an old timer like me should be able to pull wires enough, I'd like to be mess officer. There's more pickin's to that job than the best cut o' beef!"

"There's first call," said Rupert, getting down from the fence. "Gee, I nearly cut a leg off on that rail. Well, see you again. I'll tell Gladwin about this rumor, so that he can think it over. If it's straight I'll buy you a cigar."

"It's straight, all right. Lookut. Want to go to the movies tomorrow night? Come over to quarters after mess if you do."

Rupert hurried back to his barracks. Once retreat was over he hurriedly imparted to Gladwin the news that MacFee had given him.

"Now, then," asked Rupert, "which

would you prefer, the Regulars or the new Army?"

"Gee, I don't know," answered Gladwin. "The new Army, I guess. Which do you?"

"Why, the Regulars, of course. That new Army is going to be a madhouse if it's ever gotten together, which I doubt. I bet you for six or eight months they won't have anybody in it but officers, all doing their own work and drilling in ranks. Or else they'll send 'em all home and call 'em up as needed. I've heard a rumor to that effect, 'from the man that saw the order!' But in the Regulars a man will at least go to a battery that has quarters, cooks, equipment, trained non-commissioned officers, a troop commander with judgment, officers' quarters, a club, hops. Also officers' daughters. Hmmm."

"I know," said Gladwin doubtfully, "but I'm doubtful about the Regular Army. I'd look fat, wouldn't I, bawling out some old soldier that had been in the Army before I was born?"

"Nix," protested Rupert, "you don't need to bawl out old soldiers that were in the Army before you were born. They look after themselves. Come on, put in for the Regulars. You won't regret it."

"Well, you're going to try for them, you say?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I will, then. All right, it's a go. Shake on it."

They shook.

"Then, too," said Gladwin, as they fell in for mess, "they might not send us to the Regulars after we applied."

CHAPTER IV

Upon a September evening two officers stood by the side of a road. Before them stretched a wide plain, dropping suddenly to the levels of the Winooski River, then rolling away again, hill after hill, woods, corn fields, more woods, to a range of saw-toothed mountains, purple in the sunset. There was a great dominating peak there that the early French explorers had named Le Lion Couchant, but that the later less poetical settlers had renamed Camel's Hump.

This plain was government property, a military reservation, occupied by Fort Ethan Allen. Here in peace-times a regiment of cavalry had its station, but the post was now enlarged and humming with three regiments of cavalry, war strength, and the Vermont National Guard.

Two of the cavalry regiments had been designated to be trained as field artillery, and had been directed to write P. F. A. after the regimental number, signifying Provisional Field Artillery. Rupert Livingston and MacKinlay Gladwin, provisional second lieutenants, Field Artillery, United States Army, had been assigned to a provisional regiment. They were the two officers that watched the sunset.

Gladwin turned about, finally, and looked in the opposite direction. Between the rows of tents of his own regiment could be seen a glimpse of distant corrals where manes tossed, and an occasional impatient steed reared and struck at his neighbor. Then could be heard the thud of fork-handle and the cursing of the picket-guard. Beyond were the tents of the other regiment, and far away to the left the encampment of the National Guard, growing smaller and smaller every day, for the units were being sent to Massachusetts.

"Well, well, well!" said Gladwin after a long period of silence. "Here we are. The first step on the road! And all those days at Plattsburg, and nights in the gymnasium and 'change posts, march!—change posts, march!' seem like a dream! And here I am, by golly, in the Regular Army, officer of the day, and with a brand new pair of boots that hurt like hell!"

"Do you know," said Rupert, "that this is the first chance we've had to draw breath since we came here? Report, assigned to a battery, to duty that afternoon, spend the first night finding a tent and then getting a detail to set it up, next day going to officers' call after reveille, taking close-order drill after, holding non-coms' school, checking property, issuing underwear, standing gun drill, and getting ready to be officer of the day, all in the first forty-eight hours. That's a good idea of the old colonel's, having two of us Johns on duty as O. D. together. It won't be so lonely visiting the posts."

"Umm!" said Gladwin. "I don't feel any too secure. I don't like the look of these soldiers. It's one thing to drill a Plattsburg battery and hold guard mount where everyone says 'sorry' and 'pardon me', and it's another to handle a gang of these rough- (Continued on page 40)

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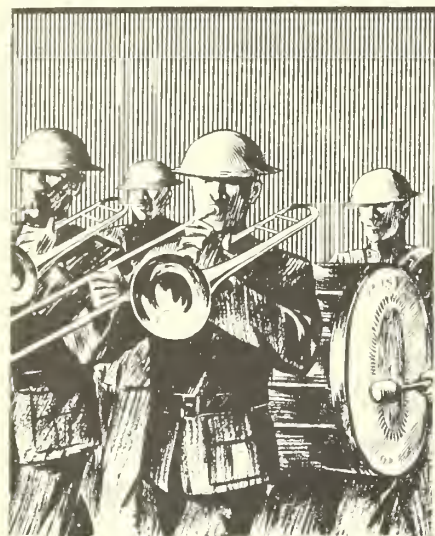
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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 39)

necks. They look as if they'd cut your throat to steal your collar ornaments."

"They're all recruits," said Rupert. "These men are as green at it as we are. We'll make soldiers out of them somehow."

"With what?" smiled Gladwin. "We haven't got any saddles. We've got cast-iron bits with cotton reins, no battery instruments, nothing but wagon bodies to do gun drill on, and not an artillery officer in the regiment."

"Us."

"Well, yes, us, of course, and half a dozen more like us, but not one real one. One that's fired a gun, or seen a battery in action. Well, this officer-of-the-day stuff won't last forever. What shall we do Saturday? Our first week-end as an officer. Let's tear."

"I thought I'd go home," said Rupert. "I live down back of those mountains. Want to come with me? We can be away from Saturday noon until Sunday night. My mother isn't home; she wrote she was going to show some horses in Massachusetts. They have a couple of big fairs there this month. My brother'll be there, though. We won't need to worry about having skirts around either. He'll know everyone within fifty miles."

"Good. Sure. It's very nice of you to ask me. I'd be pleased as pie to go! I'll be glad to sleep in a decent bed again. Damn those Plattsburg bunks and damn these cots. The wind comes in through the bottom and freezes you to death. Now, there! There comes an outfit that's more my style!"

Down the road, returning late from some practice march, came a battalion of the National Guard, the major and his staff riding ahead. The two officers of the day watched its approach. The battalion, as it neared the guard-tents, was brought to attention. The gate to its own camp was but a little way farther on. By they went, arms swinging, feet stamping; non-coms barking "Hep! Hep!" The major and his adjutant replied gravely to the salutes of the two artillery officers beside the road. Tramp, tramp, tramp their marching feet thumped on the hard road.

"Look better than ours, don't they?" whispered Gladwin.

"Yes, but these men are older, and they've been in longer, even if it was only the militia. Huh. I could swear that was a man I know just went by. He was the janitor of my barracks at Norwich. Joe Stink they called him. He used to spray the corridor floors with kerosene, and he always reeked of it. It's not he, though, he's far too old. Got no teeth either."

Tramp, tramp, tramp! "Hep! Hep! ONE, two, three, four! ONE, two, three, four!"

Gladwin turned to say something to Rupert and started. The other had gone deathly white.

"What's the matter?" cried Gladwin. He threw his arm about the other's

shoulders. "Here, man, you feel sick? Come over and sit down on the bench!"

"By God!" said Rupert thickly. "I thought one of those men there was my brother!"

Rupert stared after the battalion that pounded its way methodically down the road, came to its gate, turned in, and went marching away behind the high board fences, nothing visible of it but the rifle muzzles, and so to its camp, where it disappeared behind the Y. M. C. A. building. He made no reply to Gladwin's anxious inquiries; he made no resistance when the other took him by the arm and led him to the bench in front of the guard tent.

"I'm all right," he said finally. "I'm not going to faint or anything. But that gave me a start! Man, I felt as if I'd been kicked in the solar plexus! However, it couldn't be, because my brother is right now fixing himself up in white flannels to take some choice morsel to a dance, or he's out on the lake in a canoe with one. I know him. Every horse on the farm could fall down dead, but that wouldn't keep him in an evening!"

"He wouldn't be up here a buck private in the militia, then, would he?" laughed Gladwin. "No, never. Why, you wouldn't recognize him in uniform anyway. You remember when my family came up to Plattsburg to see me my own mother didn't recognize me?"

"I'd recognize him! I've seen him in uniform for the last two years! It wasn't he, though. He was two files away from me and the bottom part of his face was covered by his rifle. It just gave me a shock, though. Here comes the orderly. What do you suppose he wants?"

The orderly was making his way toward them from the direction of headquarters. He came to a halt and saluted.

"The colonel would like to see the officer of the day, sir!" said he.

"Did he say which one?" asked Rupert.

"No, sir. He just said, 'Go tell the officer of the day I want him!'"

"Well, we'd better both go, hadn't we?" suggested Gladwin.

"Sure. Come on. He probably wants a prisoner to wash dishes or drive his tent pegs in firmer."

The colonel awaited them in his office in the tar-papered shack that served as headquarters. He was behind a desk and he read and signed several papers before he looked up. The two officers saluted.

"Did the colonel send for us?" asked Gladwin.

"Are you the officers of the day?" inquired the colonel.

He meant trouble; Rupert could sense that in his stern look and the angry way his eyes snapped behind his spectacles.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you familiar with the Manual of Interior Guard Duty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why wasn't the guard turned out at the approach of an armed party?"

The two officers were dumb. Armed party? Where—when—the militia!

"There's something in the Manual about an armed party, isn't there? Here's an armed party advancing down the road. What are they doing there? It's time to be eating supper. Suppose they were an armed mob? German sympathizers, rioters, men come to burn down this camp. That's what we have a guard for. Number One should have called. 'Corporal of the Guard, armed party!' The corporal should have at once turned out the guard, notified the sergeant of the guard and officer of the day, and then waited for orders.

"Number One did nothing, did he? No. No, he didn't do anything. The officer of the day did nothing either. You should have turned out the guard—you, yourself. Didn't do it! Didn't do a damn thing! Do you think I want a militia officer to be able to say my regiment doesn't know its Guard Manual? That he went through a camp of the Regular Army commanded by an officer of my length of service, and that the officer of the day stood there and watched him go by?

"Why didn't you take off your cap and cheer? Big parade, this is! Big Fourth of July to give a lot of young men a chance to put on a uniform and play soldier! What fun to be an officer, huh, and have all the girls look at you and all these old soldiers saluting! What fun! By God, you'll think it's fun if you stay in my regiment!"

"I did not understand, sir, that honors were rendered between retreat and reveille," said Gladwin.

"Honor? It's not an honor! Turning out the guard for an armed party is no more an honor than it is to turn out the guard for a fire! Tell me the truth! Did it occur to either one of you to turn out the guard?"

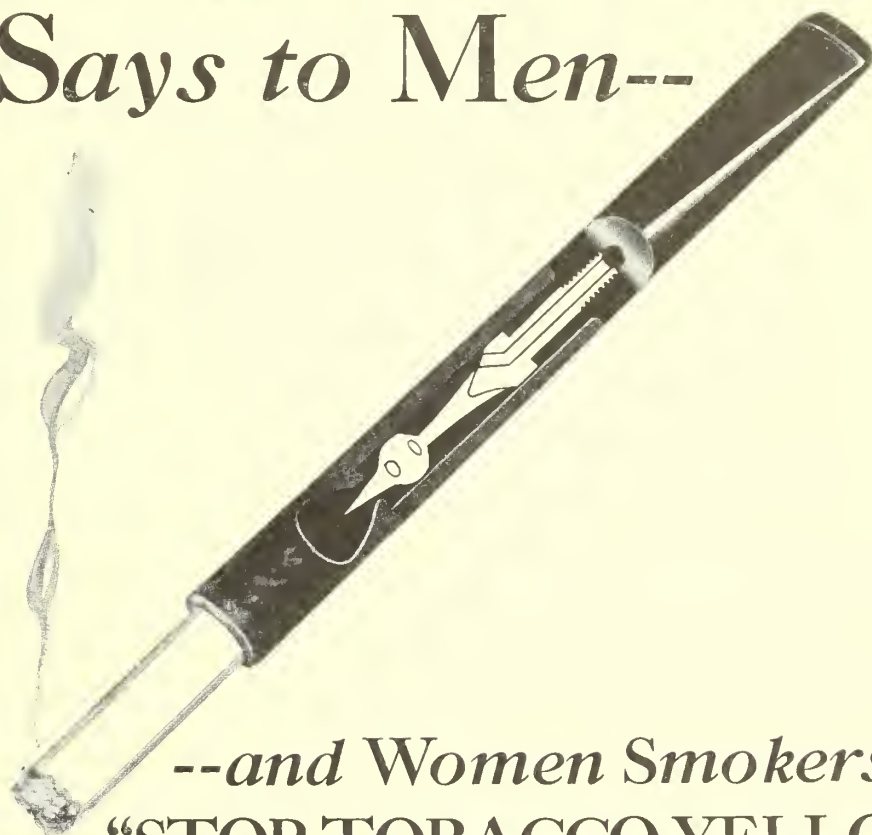
"No, sir, not to me," answered Rupert.

"No, sir," agreed Gladwin.

"You are both young officers and inexperienced," said the colonel. "Rome wasn't built in a day. You must learn to be alert, on your toes, every minute of the day and night while you are on guard. That's what you're detailed as officer of the day for. That's why you're senior to every officer in this regiment but me for twenty-four hours. It's because you're responsible! You mustn't make a mistake! You mustn't neglect anything. If you had had some service I'd have preferred charges against both of you for neglect of duty. You're drawing a lieutenant's pay and you've got to do a lieutenant's work. Spare the rod and spoil the child. An officer's job isn't just wearing shiny boots and giving commands. It's a hard life, a hard life! Now you consider yourselves damn well reprimanded! I'm being lenient to you because you don't know any better. I shall regret it, I know. I'm never lenient but what I regret it. Don't either of you leave this camp for the next month. That's all! That'll give you time to study your Guard Manual. That's all now. Go on back to your post!"

The two sa- (Continued on page 42)

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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 41)

luted and went out, then silently over to their tent.

"That's what you call a bawling out," observed Rupert after a time. "The old boy's good at it."

"A month's confinement!" muttered Gladwin through his teeth. "Lenient, the man says. If he had wanted to be severe he'd have had us shot at sunrise, I suppose."

"I think he's wrong at that," said Rupert. "That confinement will upset my plans because I was thinking of going to the militia tomorrow and finding out who that man is that looks like my brother John."

The two officers of the day ate supper hurriedly, then retired to their tent to smoke a little before going to bed. The camp was a lonely place at night, for most of the officers were off to town or calling on friends in the post. The older officers were rather cool to the Plattsburgers. What manner of men were these civilians that suddenly found themselves officers? How would they behave? The older officers were polite but aloof. As for the provisional officers themselves, they came from different batteries in both the New York and the New England regiments, and had not as yet become acquainted with each other.

The enlisted men went early to bed likewise. They rode five hours bareback in the morning and did close-order drill all the afternoon, which left them with little desire to go several miles to the nearest town.

The two officers of the day sat on their bunks in silence. They themselves had drilled all morning, practised guard mount all afternoon, mounted guard, and now, so sleepy they could hardly keep their eyes open, they thought sadly that they would have the pleasure of making the rounds of sentinels between midnight and reveille. As the sentinels were extended, one post being a mile and a half from the guard tent, this meant the loss of two hours' sleep.

"We aren't supposed to undress, are we?" asked Gladwin finally.

"No," said Rupert. "We can take off our blouses and caps, but that's all. We're in wrong enough now without being caught turning out for a fire in our pajamas. They'd give us the gate then for sure."

"Good. Well, then, I remove mine and fall back upon the bed. If I snore, wake me."

"Wait now. You don't mind if I suggest something, do you?"

"Go on, suggest all you want to," said Gladwin, unbuckling his pistol belt. "Why so formal all of a sudden?"

"Well, you're senior officer. However, I've been officer of the day a few times during the Mexican mobilization last summer. It's a good plan to count the prisoners before you go to sleep. Then if there's one minus you'll have some idea of when he went."

"Let's do that," agreed Gladwin. He

buckled on his belt again. "Let's leave word with the sergeant to have us called about one so we can make the rounds."

"Don't do it," said Rupert, "because he'll tip off all the sentries that we're going around at that time, and the rest of the time they're liable to sneak a nap."

"By God, how did you get on to all these tricks?" demanded the other.

"I went to a military college for four years where they mount guard every day. They aren't soldiers, either, but college men, and what men of intelligence and education can invent in the way of beating guard duty or ducking details is unbelievable. I thought by the time I got to be cadet major that I knew all the tricks, but they used to get up new ones on me at that."

There were twenty-five prisoners, mostly for overstaying pass or for talking back to non-commissioned officers—minor offenders that had been put in the mill as an example to others. The colonel believed that the time for the stern hand was when the soldier was fresh to the service.

They counted them together, found them all safe and snoring, and then went back to their tent.

At one-thirty a borrowed alarm clock aroused them, and they went out, shivering, into the September night.

Number One challenged them. Good. He was awake and vigilant.

Number Two emerged from the shadows of the officers' mess-shack and demanded their business in the approved manner.

"These fellows are up on guard duty, certainly," said Gladwin.

They went on to Number Three by the Quartermaster corrals. They were still half asleep, and had walked clear to the corrals of the other regiment before they realized they had not been challenged.

"Now where is that son of a gun?" demanded Gladwin. "We must have crossed his post. Maybe we went by him in the dark. I was asleep on my feet anyway."

"He should have challenged us," said Rupert. "It's up to him to see us, not us to see him."

"I don't know," muttered the other. "I don't like this idea of prowling around in the night among a lot of bohunks with loaded pistols. Suppose one of them got rattled and let go at us? Suppose we didn't hear his challenge?"

"Don't let's get scared," said Rupert. "Two o'clock in the morning is a bad hour. Now let's find Number Three. If he isn't there we go back to the guard tent and get another sentry."

At that instant they heard someone walking on the cinders near the water-trough.

"Who's there?" demanded Rupert.

"Number Dree, sir."

"Number Three? Where have you been? We've been looking for you for half an hour!"

"I been right here, sir."

The man's accent was thick and guttural. They could see him now, a short squat figure, standing stiffly by the water-trough.

"I see you go by," he added.

"Saw us go by? Why didn't you challenge us then?"

"I knew who you vos, sir. I seen you at guard mount. You vos der officer from der day."

There was a pause, for neither officer quite knew what to reply.

"That makes no difference," said Rupert finally. "You should challenge just the same. This is war, remember, and never take any chances."

They went on to Numbers Four, Five, and Six. They thought of asking these sentinels to repeat a few general orders for sentinels on post, but the two officers decided it would be better not to, as they did not know their general orders any too well themselves.

They came, then, to the last post, a long way from the camp, the post magazine. It was close to the stables of the post proper, a small building built of brick. The two officers approached, circled it, listened at the door of the small tent where the relief slept to the snoring of the men within, and then withdrew for a conference.

"Here's another that knows who 've vos'," began Gladwin. "Well, we won't hunt for him. We'll wake up the corporal in the tent and tell him to dig up his sentry for us. Then we'll go back to bed. I'm tired."

"Do you mind my saying something?" answered Rupert. "We're officers of the day to discover just such things as this. This man has no business letting us come so close and not challenging. Let's discover first what he's doing, then we'll wake up the corporal. Maybe the corporal knows anyway. I'd suggest we count the sleepers. There should be two men and a corporal in there, and one on post."

Gladwin turned a flashlight into the tent. There were three men within on the ground, wrapped in their blankets and fully dressed.

"Corporal's on his job anyway. Now let's find this sentry if we can."

Gladwin went one side of the magazine, and Rupert the other, walking in widening circles. They spent two minutes in the search, then Gladwin came hurriedly up to Rupert and seized his arm, panting with excitement.

"I found him," he gasped. "He's asleep! Asleep on a pile of hay!"

Rupert followed the other. A bale of straw had been brought out for the detail to fill their bed-sacks with. Quite a lot of it still lay on the ground, and on this lay the sentry, flat on his face. The flashlight showed that he was asleep and not lying there as the result of an aggression. His mouth was open, and his back rose and fell with his breathing.

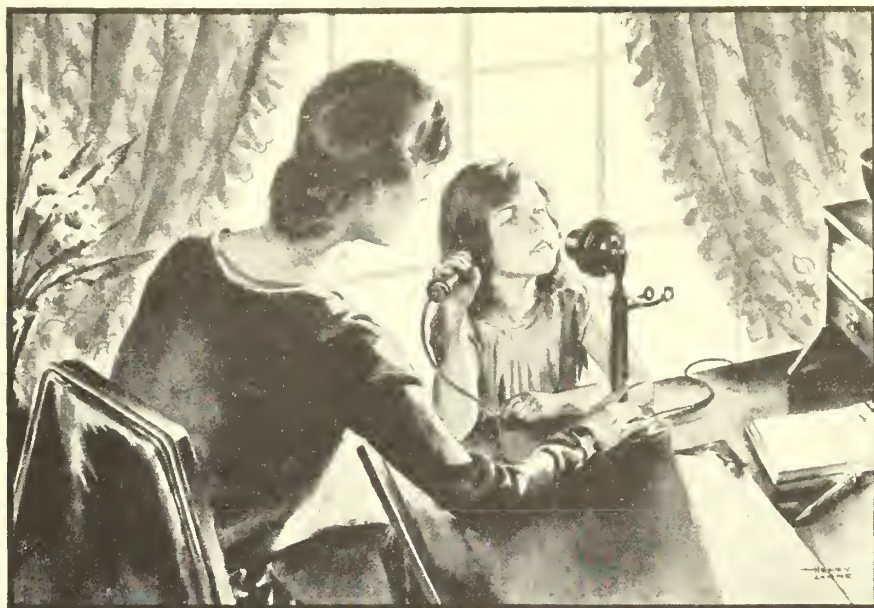
"Come back here," whispered Gladwin. "Let's talk this thing over."

They retired a little way. "Now what do we do?"

"Why, wake him up and pull his belt."

"Pull his belt? What's that mean?"

"Put him un- (Continued on page 44)



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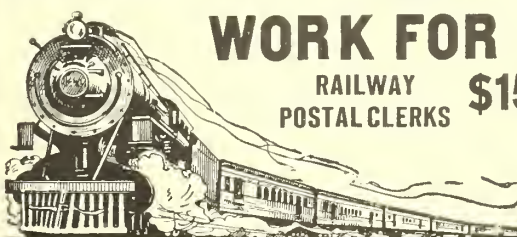
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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 43)

der arrest. Get up the corporal, have him put on another sentry, then we take this bird into the mill and send out the supernumerary to take his place."

"Oh, man, but won't they shoot him? Asleep on post and in time of war! They bump men off for that! I remember in the book I read about the Civil War—"

"No, no," scoffed Rupert, "they won't shoot him. He'll get six months, and good enough for him!"

"I know, but I don't want to be responsible for putting a man away for six months my first tour of guard," protested Gladwin. "Isn't there something we can do? Can't we just wake him up and tell him to be vigilant?"

"No," said Rupert in disgust, "we can't! The example would be bad. The next time he was on guard, he'd do the same thing. He's paid to stand guard here, to walk post and protect property. That's his duty. Our duty is to catch him beating it if we can. We caught him, and in he goes. He knows he's doing wrong."

"No, but the poor kid is probably all in. I tell you I couldn't keep awake for two hours, and I didn't pound my tail all the morning the way he did. Then he had to get all his clothes ready for guard himself, he didn't have any striker to do it for him."

"That's for the court that tries him to consider, not us."

"Oh, God!" groaned Gladwin. "War is hell! I wish I'd gone in the Navy! Well, now, listen. I'm senior here, am I not? I'm going to try to wake this kid up so that we can't catch him. If it doesn't work, then you do what you think best."

Rupert said nothing and Gladwin felt about on the ground until he had a handful of stones. They just made out the gleam of the straw, and the dark shadow of the sentry's form. Gladwin hurled a stone at it. He missed and tried again. At the fourth attempt there was a sharp click as the stone struck.

"Uggruck!" choked the sleeper, struggling to his knees. "Who done that? I see you, Murray, you son! Lay off them stones or I'll kick a lung outta you-all." He muttered to himself, yawned noisily, then was silent.

The two officers strained their eyes toward the straw pile. The sentry had lain down and was again asleep.

"Go to it," sighed Gladwin. "If he must have it, he must."

Rupert walked back to the tent, awakened the corporal and the relief and brought them with him to the sentry, who slept once more.

"Wake him up," said he to the speechless corporal.

The corporal thereupon gave the sentry a tremendous kick. "Git up!" he roared.

The sentry came instantly to life and to his feet, raging, but he stopped abashed in the glare of the searchlight and the sight of the two officers.

"Been asleep, huh?" demanded the

corporal. "Well, you're gonna get your belt pulled! What the hell d'yuh mean by it?"

"That's enough, Corporal," said Rupert coldly. "Put another man on here and give us one to take this man in. Take off your belt, you—you're under arrest for sleeping on post!"

They went their way back to the camp, after that, the prisoner and his guard ahead, the two officers behind.

"What's the idea in having a guard for that lad?" asked Gladwin. "You don't think he could get away from the two of us, do you?"

"No, but it isn't our job to guard prisoners. And besides that, the guard we took, you see, loses a good forty-five minutes' sleep coming in here, and that won't make the prisoner popular with him. You make a man's own comrades sore at him and the punishment is much more severe. But no matter what punishment you hand him, if it makes him a hero or a martyr in the eyes of the others the effect is lost. You'd much better not punish him. I've found that out in my short life."

"Umm, but suppose some hard-hearted officer should find your brother sleeping on post. How then? The quality of mercy wouldn't be strained there if he let him off, would it?"

"My brother? My brother, hell! He isn't in the Army!"

Rupert was silent, while his heart turned faint. It was not the fact that John might be in the Army that disturbed him; it was that if he were it was underhanded, treacherous, insubordinate. No, no! The man he had seen was not John. He was only three years older than John, but John had never disobeyed him from childhood.

"When I get off guard," he said aloud, "I'll go over there and find out about this, just for my own satisfaction."

"But we're confined to camp," remarked Gladwin.

"Umm. Well, I'll work it somehow! It's absurd, anyhow, to think that egg is my brother. But I'd like to know who he is, just the same. It might be useful information some time or other."

In the morning, however, Rupert had forgotten. Things are always much more serious at night, and when a man is tired, than in the daytime after a night's sleep. Then, too, the officer of the day had to get up the prisoners, put them to work, inspect the garbage cans in company with the medical officer, report to the commanding officer, go here, there, and everywhere, and all the time be on the alert that the guard was turned out every time Number One perceived the colonel, no matter how distant he was from the guard tent.

At five o'clock they were relieved, and went to their own tent with the feeling of released prisoners.

"Oh, man!" said Gladwin, throwing his pistol belt into a corner of the tent and himself into his bunk. "Thank God

that's over! I never thought this day would end! I bet Sherman made his celebrated comment on war right after he'd been relieved as O. D.!"

"Sounds plausible," agreed Rupert. "Right now I'd like to tear to Burlington, have a good feed, and take in a movie to make me forget my troubles. Can't do it, though! All because we didn't salute the milishy!"

"Listen," said Gladwin, "the colonel was wrong! Troops passing on a public road, by God, in the uniform of the United States Army, don't constitute an armed party! That road isn't on Number One's post; it's a state highway!"

"Well, you go tell the colonel that, will you? Maybe he'll release us from our sentence."

"Umm. Maybe he wouldn't, too. I haven't had much experience with military matters, but I've learned this, that if he said we should turn out the guard for every street car that went by we'd better do it. No, my boy, I'll take my month in camp and say nothing, but keep out of his way. I'll save money not running to town every night."

After supper, however, alone in the tent, Rupert's thoughts turned to the man who resembled his brother. Was it John? No. Wild, thoughtless, lightheaded John as he was, he was not a sneak. He would not run away and enlist with his mother in Massachusetts and Rupert away in the Army. At Norwich John had done enough work to "pass up" a subject, and had shown just enough military zeal to become a corporal. It was known that he was a leader of tumult and an instigator to riot. But when he was caught he always admitted his fault at once and took his punishment without whine. There was nothing underhanded in his nature. No, that soldier had not been John! He would not have gone away and left the farm alone.

"I was seeing things, I guess," muttered Rupert.

Of course he was! Had he not recognized one of those marching men as Joe, the janitor? Joe Stink, always reeking of floor oil! Well, it had not been Joe, because Joe was far beyond military age, and moreover had but two teeth in his head. At what age had Joe become attached to the college? Nobody knew. No matter how old an alumnus was, no matter how far back his class was in the eighties, he would know Joe, and would be seen at commencement shaking hands and giving the janitor a cigar. Joe had many friends, and would collect enough cigars to keep him in smoking tobacco all the following winter. No one knew how old he was, though it was said that he had been orderly to one of the Ransome brothers during the Mexican War. Well, if Rupert had thought he had seen Joe Stink, which was impossible, it was impossible that he had seen his brother.

"I know where he is, right now!" he told himself. "He's proposing marriage to some young thing. There's safety in numbers; he can't marry 'em all!"

He fumbled under the bunk for his bootjack, found it, and pulled off one boot.

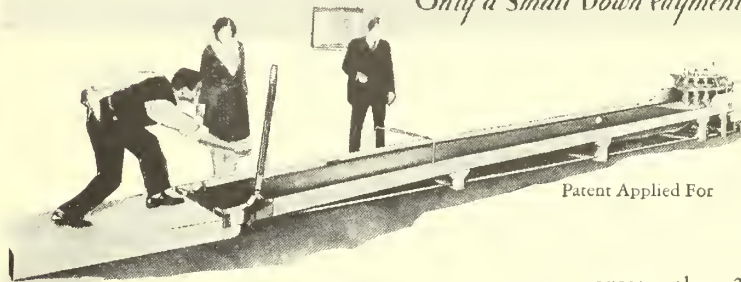
Steps (Continued on page 46)

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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 45)

crunched the cinders outside. Someone knocked on the tent-pole. Rupert choked—he felt as though a ton-weight had suddenly been laid upon his heart. He knew that step, he knew that quick double knock. He knew who the knocker was, though he could not see him.

"Come in!" he said coldly. It astonished him that his voice was so calm.

The knocker entered. It was John. The lantern showed him clearly, arrayed in the uniform of a private of infantry, a glaring new, ill-fitting, unmatched blouse and breeches. He held his hat in his right hand, its cord blue and shining. He smiled upon his brother.

Rupert looked, after the first glance, at his boot. He found his boot hooks and put on the boot again. He felt, somehow, that he must meet this thing with his boots on. His life for fifteen years seemed to pass before his eyes, and all that he had done was failure.

He had been left in charge and had not done his duty. He had been merciless the night before to a poor worn-out kid that had slept on post. What had he done for fifteen years? Had he not slept on post? What would his father say to him? What would he say to his father, could he speak to him? Nothing. The Old Army never listened to excuses.

John had disobeyed. John had betrayed him. It was not John's fault but his. Had he not seen John's character develop for all these years? Had he ever done anything to curb these tendencies to idleness and folly? Now the result. His mother away, the farm abandoned to itself, John a private in the militia! Underhanded, treacherous, stab-in-the-back stuff! That was the sting! John had betrayed them, both him and his mother.

"You look like a god-damned recruit!" said Rupert suddenly. Or rather his mouth said it. He was astonished to hear his own voice; it was as if someone else had spoken; and that was not what he wanted to say.

"Sir," grinned John, "may I speak to the Lieutenant?"

"Wipe that smile!" barked Rupert sternly. "This is nothing to grin about! What are you doing in that uniform?"

His confusion had passed now and his anger. He was deadly calm, and his face must have been white in the lantern light, for John's smile suddenly faded as the sun goes behind a cloud.

"Didn't you get mother's letter?" he asked hurriedly.

"Which letter?"

"Why, the last one. You should have had it a week ago."

"I haven't had any letters since I left Plattsburg. That had nothing to do with it anyway. What I want to know—"

"Now listen, Rupert, don't get haired up. If you'll promise not to have a premature burst I'll explain. It comes to my mind that you don't know what this is all about, this uniform and stuff."

"You don't need to explain, I know!" said Rupert coldly. "It means that

you've slipped something across. Bright boy! You think this was quite a clever stunt, don't you?"

"Will you pipe down and listen to me?" pleaded John.

"I'd advise you to say 'sir' when addressing me! Don't forget that I'm an officer and you're a private. Begin on that and see if you feel so smart as you did before!"

"Sir," began John, "Private Livingston would like permission to state his case."

"Well, state it," growled the other, "and damned quick, because I want to go to bed, and the less I see of you the better I'll sleep!"

"Sir, my mother was about to go to Springfield with a bunch of horses to show. Doctor Elkins had two that he wanted her to show for him and I'd gone over there to get them. You needn't grunt, because I'm beginning at the beginning. Wait a minute now. The doctor says to me, 'I've been appointed to the local draft board.' And he looks at me out of the corner of his eye. 'Have you?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'but it won't be much of a job. There are only six men in town of draft age. I think we'll ship 'em all' in the first batch."

"Well, now, I was one of them, wasn't I?"

The draft! Rupert started. The draft! He had never thought of that! Of course. And the first men were being called up now.

"But you would have been exempted!" he said hurriedly. "They exempt men with dependents."

"Sir, would the lieutenant like to think that Captain Livingston's son had asked for exemption?"

There was only one answer to that. Neither brother said anything for a minute or two. At last Rupert spoke.

"Sit down, John," he said soberly, "and never mind this military stuff. Get on with the story. Why wasn't I informed of this?"

"Well, I'll tell you," continued John, sitting down on Gladwin's bunk. "I went home with those two horses, and when I got in I went to mother and told her. 'They're going to draft me,' I said. 'Doc Elkins as much as told me so. Now that settles that, doesn't it?'"

"So then she said that she had had this matter in mind a long time, that when the draft came they'd be after me, and that I'd better go now. She'd make out somehow with the farm."

"Yes, a hell of a lot of help you've been!" interrupted Rupert. "She wrote me that you went off after some girl all day, teaching her to ride so that in the fall maybe you'd sell her father a horse. One horse! And mother running all over the country to get stock to fill orders!"

"Rupert, will you never learn? She was kidding you! Oh, man, you never can take a joke! If you'd only show a little sense of humor once in a while! I was up every morning before daybreak,

and at nightfall I was ready for bed, believe me! I went over to Brandon once to see this girl, or a girl, and she came over to the farm a week or so later and I showed her around. Well, you know what mothers are, if any other female gets near their sons! I *did* try to sell her old man a horse, but that had nothing to do with the girl. So mother puts that in the letter as a joke. I told her we'd hear a dull roar from the direction of Plattsburg when you got the letter, and the roar would be you hitting the roof!"

"Never mind that—go on with your story."

"So she said, 'We'll write Rupert and ask him to let you enlist!' So she did. The next day Harry Anson was in town over Sunday—he's captain of K Company, you know—and he told his wife he might not see her again because they had orders to go to Westfield, a concentration camp in Massachusetts, and they might leave any minute. So that night the six men of draft age marched down to the armory and enlisted. Would you want me to be the only absentee? Not much. Mother went to Springfield the next morning, but she wrote to you before she went, because I mailed the letter myself."

"I never got either of them. I never knew a word about this."

"So of course," said John, "when you saw me in uniform you thought I'd flown the coop and enlisted. Listen, Rupert, didn't it ever occur to you that I'm twenty-one years old and that I've been to college two years? Just because I don't sit around all the time looking as though I'd just taken a big dose of salts is no sign that I haven't any sense of responsibility or honor or of what is required of a gentleman. Don't you suppose I could see how hard mother was working? Don't you suppose I'd jump in and help all I could? If I wanted to go to a dance once a week that was my affair, as long as I was on the job at daybreak the next morning. And of course the instant you see me in uniform, grrr! Formal as hell! Say 'sir' and stand at attention! My brother has sneaked off and enlisted!"

"Was that Joe Stink I saw this afternoon?" asked Rupert.

"Yup. He's in my company. He wanted to come, so they took him. He was in F Company during the Spanish War. Can you imagine that? Well, they had no vacancies, so they shoved him into K. He didn't care as long as he went."

"How did you know where to find me?"

"You wrote you were assigned to the cavalry at Fort Ethan Allen, but I didn't know which regiment of the three, or I'd forgotten, but Joe said he saw you when we went by your guard tents, so I came over and asked where you were. I'd have come last night, but I knew you were O. D. and didn't want to bother you."

Rupert began to take off his boots again and the two brothers talked of various matters, the state of the farm, could the foreman run things well, how hard it was (Continued on page 48)

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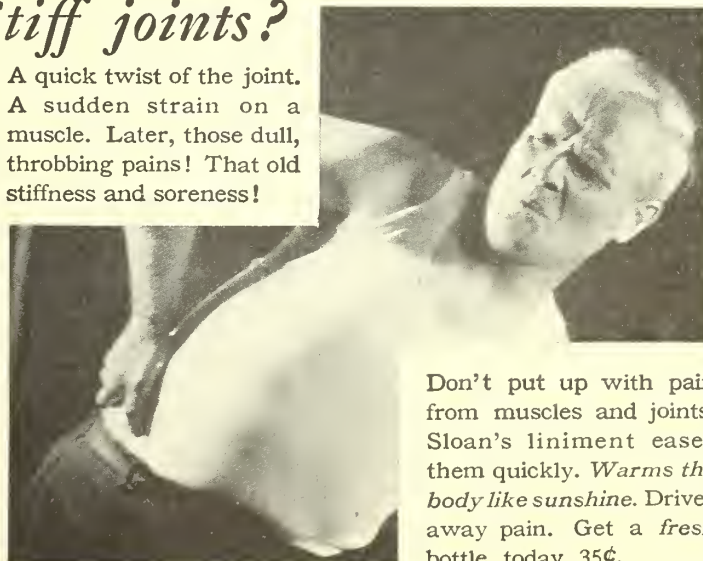
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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 47)

to get help since all the men were going either to the Army or to munition plants, of the First Vermont Infantry moving to Westfield, and of where it would go from there. Finally John stood up to take his leave.

"Good night," said Rupert, "come over any time. I'll be in every night because I drew a month in stir my first tour of guard. Have you got any money?"

"Well, no," said John, "because I came away in kind of a rush and mother going to the fair, you see—"

"Here's five dollars," said Rupert, "For God's sake go get the tail of that blouse taken in."

An hour later Gladwin came in, to

find Rupert still sitting on his bunk.

"Gladwin, old kid," said Rupert, "have you noticed that I seem a little lacking in a sense of humor?"

"To be frank with you, I have," smiled the other officer.

Rupert began to undress, still staring moodily at the cracks in the tent floor.

"I wouldn't worry about it, though," went on Gladwin after a while. "My military experience is limited, as you know, but I've discovered that you have to develop a sense of humor in the Army. Either that or go mad."

"S very true," agreed Rupert. "I've begun to develop mine tonight."

(To be continued)

R Girl

(Continued from page 25)

got used to shellfire, but slept because I was dog tired.

A shell landed in the courtyard of the house our mess was in, but the mess mascot, a wild boar, escaped injury. There was a story, which I have forgotten, connected with the capture of this boar. Trying to recall it, however, brings to mind another story that I associate in memory with Cantigny. It seems that an infantry line was waiting to attack. The men were all nerves. A rabbit jumped out of the grass and scurried along the front. The men shot at the rabbit and laughed. The incident diverted their minds and they went into battle the better masters of themselves.

Of the battle of Cantigny I remember little that makes sense or fits in with the book accounts. I had been transferred to a canteen in the village of Varmaise about a mile from Bonvillers. Morning and evening I walked or bummed a ride to and fro. The noise was worse at Varmaise, several batteries of seventy-fives being quite nearby. As the daily tramp back and forth became a nuisance I finally persuaded Colonel Frazier of the First Engineers to let me sleep in the canteen, explaining that behind the piano was a fine place to spread a bed roll. That evening the Germans put several holes through my tent and one through the piano. Colonel Frazier withdrew his permission about sleeping there.

When the artillery preparation for the battle of Cantigny started they took us girls to Beauvais to sleep, bringing us back to the canteens in the morning. The second night we were again bowling along in our Ford when there was a flash and a crash and our little wagon was lifted up and set down on the other side of the road. That day a great French siege gun, elaborately camouflaged, had been put in place directly beside the road. It had fired just as we passed. The next night I decided to remain in Bonvillers, where only the Germans could blow you up and where I figured I could

sleep while the other girls were commuting.

All was confusion when I got to Bonvillers. Field Hospital No. 12, one of four to which our wounded were being evacuated, was filled to overflowing with more than five hundred men. Orders were that we could not sleep in the town. The French residents who still clung to their homes also were sent trooping away by the sides of the roads with bundles on their backs. As the car for Beauvais had gone, Dorothy Francis, of the Bonvillers hut, two Salvation Army workers, a man and his wife, and I took our blankets and spread them under the boughs of an apple tree about a half a mile from the village.

So much for the nights. The days are a blur. As the artillery received orders to extend its arc of fire we knew that our infantry had advanced, though at what cost the long trains of wounded bore witness. We knew of counterattacks before they were over, and awaited the outcome. The counterattacks were beaten off. Our infantry held, then. It gathered strength and advanced once more. It halted. We heard that the engineers had gone into the battle-line to reinforce the infantry, which was true. I was conscious of a depressing sensation of futility at being so near and able to do so little. Making chocolate and putting out cigarettes seemed so little. The artillery, the signal corps, the scurrying staff people—they all seemed trivial, mere footmen to the gentry of battle, the unseen infantry up there in the din and the smoke.

When Cantigny was taken the French relieved us and the First shifted to a less strenuous part of the line in the same sector where we remained another month. We were in the line on the Fourth of July and the artillery fired a forty-eight round salvo at the Germans. A ball game was played at Varmaise within sound of German guns and on a field marked by shell-fire. About a dozen

nurses came out to watch and I enjoyed seeing so many nice-looking American girls again. George Markward, one of the best providers in the Y, made the occasion memorable. He showed up with two or three cases of lemons. I got a company harnessmaker to make a lemon squeezer and an ex-bartender to mix the lemonade with water that had been carried two miles in G. I. cans. A line three hundred yards long was waiting and it did not diminish for two hours. Officers took their turns with the rest, as they always did at my canteens.

The relief of the division began on July 6th after seventy-two days in the line on that front. Our casualties had been 4,028, or every fifth man.

At Beauvais we halted for rest and replacements. This tranquil life lasted four days when the division was ordered back to the front to oppose the last great German drive. We Y girls were hustled to Paris for safe-keeping. "How I hate this hot town," I wrote to my mother on July 17th, "with no work to do and knowing how much we could be doing if they would let us stay with the boys."

Paris had its compensations, of course. "It is fine to get on real clothes and have all the baths you want. Yesterday I had three." Real clothes were the civvies I had in my trunk at the Hôtel Metropole. It was forbidden to wear them, naturally. One night another girl and I went to the Folies Bergère. Between acts we were seated at one of the little tables in the foyer when an American M. P. approached us.

"You ladies don't want to sit there," he said.

From another letter home: "You may laugh when I tell you that one of the main things to watch for at present is that the men don't like us too well. They seem to fall in love so easily over here."

One night at dinner time Ethel Torrance and I were suddenly ordered to a hospital for emergency duty. I do not recall the number of the hospital or exactly where it was, but I think we got there by taking a taxi from the end of the Métro line. I was shown to a tent and told to cut the men's bandages off. About twenty men were lying about, bloody and dirty. The sight made me sick and I don't know what I should have done but for a voice that piped up as brightly as you please:

"Why, there's the girl who sewed on my first service stripe!"

I selected a fellow with a bandaged knee. That seemed an easy one to start on. I asked him how one cut off a bandage. He did not know. The scissors trembled in my hands, but somehow I got the field dressing off. All night I cut bandages, washed men's faces and took care of men coming out of ether. I had never seen a person come out of ether before and have never seen one since. I had to hold some of them down. It was a terrible night.

I got to bed at ten o'clock the following morning. At ten-thirty I was awakened and at noon was in a truck with four other girls bound for the First Division. We reached the First's sector at dark and were (Continued on page 50)

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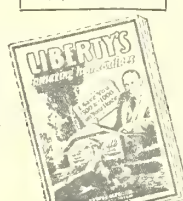
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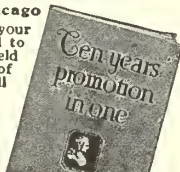
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Y Girl

(Continued from page 49)

dropped off at different places. I do not know the name of the smashed little town where they deposited me, but I think it was near Armoys-Villiers. In any event it was in the path of the Sixteenth Infantry's march out of the line.

Never have I seen such men. They looked like sleep-walkers. They seemed to walk on, not because they cared to or because it mattered whether they walked or stopped but because they had somehow got going and might as well walk as anything. They had been six days in battle. All that was left of the Second Battalion was commanded by a sergeant.

A field stove, tea, cakes and cigarettes were dumped off with me. I filled canteen cups with tea until three in the morning, when someone showed me to a room in a house with a roof and told me to get some sleep. I thought I should never sleep again. I keep seeing those men. I wanted to cry, but couldn't cry. I was afraid to be alone, and am almost too ashamed of it to tell what I did. I pushed a bureau against the door. And slept.

When I awoke troops were still coming from the line. A mess sergeant asked if he could use my stove. His kitchen was lost. He had coffee. We boiled it in my tea cans and I helped to serve coffee until eleven that night. The men would fall out and sit on the ground while they drank their coffee. Their clothing was in tatters and I made what emergency repairs one woman could. While sewing on one man's blouse I noticed a boy cutting buttons from his own blouse with a bayonet. A few moments later he asked if, please, miss, I would sew one of them on. He seemed to want to talk, but there was very little I could find to say. Afterward, in the endless crowds and files of men, I sometimes caught myself searching for that boy's face. But I never saw it again.

There were many faces I should not see again. In the fortnight I had been away the division had lost 234 officers and 7,083 men. But Soissons had been taken and the Germans were in retreat.

After a few days' rest and without replacements the division was transported by rail to the rear of the lines near Toul. I was put to driving a Ford truck. My camionette was a veteran. It had no windshield and in dry weather the dust would blind you and in wet weather the rain stung your face. The fenders were wired up to keep them from flopping on the tires. I coaxed the spark plugs to life with hairpins. (What if it had been a bobbed-hair war?) There were no lamps, of course.

While the division was in reserve I got in two days' practice at daylight driving. Then we moved up, relieving a Moroccan outfit. Fortunately the sector was quiet, with nothing but raids and patrols and a little artillery work.

My tour of duty now was divided between day and night driving. In the day-

time vehicles were permitted as far as Division Headquarters at Saizerais. This part of the work was easy. But each evening, leaving Toul about five, so as to pass Saizerais just at dark, I had a route to work that took me as far as the remains of the villages of St. Jacques and Mamey, both within a kilometer of No Man's Land. Gertrude Ely, attached to the Eighteenth Infantry, had the hut at Mamey. I think she saw more war than any other American woman. I transported supplies and the Paris papers, talked to the personnel of the various huts, carried their complaints and wants back to the base at Toul and tried to fulfill them on my trip next night. After eight months of dish-washing this seemed like a lady's occupation. A night's run averaged fifty miles.

Driving without lights over shell-torn and occasionally shelled roads made one's eyes and ears rather sharp. These roads, absolutely empty during the day, were sinister rivers of motion at night. Trucks, staff cars, files of troops and an occasional horse-drawn gun streamed by in both directions. Dispatch riders on solo motorcycles flashed past like the wind. It was a sort of unwritten rule that a driver should carry a lighted cigarette. This saved many a smash up. Practically always I had company on my runs—soldiers going in or out on pass—and I always asked them to smoke.

There was zest to this life. Twice by an unguarded farm road I made my way around Saizerais and drove to Mamey to take a look at the front line by daylight. The officer who sent me back the second time made it clear that the experiment was not to be repeated. My short career as a driver is the high spot of my war, which otherwise was mainly dirt and drudgery. I got so that I knew the turns in the road that led across the narrow bridge over the moat at Toul as well by night as I did by day. It was a real thrill to pick up an infantryman at Mamey, where machine guns clattered and the flares bloomed over No Man's Land, and see him grab the edge of the seat as I shot over the Toul bridge. My only mishap occurred when I hit a tree and shook up some entertainers who had just arrived from the States.

On the morning of August 15th, when I came in from my run, I was handed a cablegram announcing the death of my father. A week later I sailed for home.

I planned to be back in France in a month but this was not to be managed. The Y sent me on a speaking tour and it was only by using A. E. F. methods that I was able to return at all. The Division was in Germany and I went there, landing at Coblenz one midnight in December. A Knights of Columbus man, awakened by my efforts to find a billet, dressed and gave me his bed. The next day on the streets of Coblenz I saw a First Engineers truck and climbed in. That night truck and I were in Wirges, the engineer headquarters, with a hun-

dred pounds of sugar and other Y supplies obtained in Coblenz by technically improper means. The day after that the officers provided canteen headquarters and I reported to the Y authorities that I was on the job with "my" regiment.

I was in Wirges seven months, and like everyone else connected with the welfare organizations worked like the devil and was able really to do some of the things we had tried to do in France. Dances, athletic events, a horse show, banquets, a celebration of the first anniversary of Soissons and excursions along the Rhine helped to speed the clock and the calendar. All this afforded an opportunity to get acquainted with the Army.

Much was accomplished, yet this life lacked something. So many one knew in the driving rush of battle days, and would like to have known better, were gone. The division was more than one hundred percent replacement. In some infantry companies of two hundred and fifty men, ten or fifteen, perhaps, had been at Gondrecourt.

I left Germany at the end of July, 1919, arriving home in August a little ahead of the division. Although I had been formally released from the service of the Y, when the division paraded in New York on September 10th I was invited to march with it, and did so, wearing full uniform, including white gloves purchased especially for the occasion. General Pershing led us.

On September 17th the wartime First fell in for the last time to parade in Washington. Five girls marched with the column—the same five who had ridden from Paris on that unforgettable July afternoon to meet the men coming out of the line after Soissons—Gertrude Ely, Ethel Torrance, Mary Arrowsmith, Marjorie Skelding and myself. With my white gloves in my kit I took a train home feeling that something of me would belong forever to the First Division.

The Objectives

(Continued from page 34)

In another bill before Congress the Legion is urging the creation of a separate Veterans' Committee in the Senate. The House of Representatives already has this. It is apparent that if the difficult task of obtaining relief for the veteran and care for his dependents, as well as all other matters affecting service men, is taken off the shoulders of the Senate Finance Committee, which now has it, and placed on a Veterans' Committee in the Senate, charged solely with studying the problem of the veteran and his legislation, the gain will be of untold value to the veteran and a distinct contribution to the nation's interests as well.

At the same time, the Legion is asking that the Veterans Bureau, Pension Bureau and the National Soldiers' Homes all be consolidated under one head in order that veterans' matters may be unified and given a (Continued on page 52)

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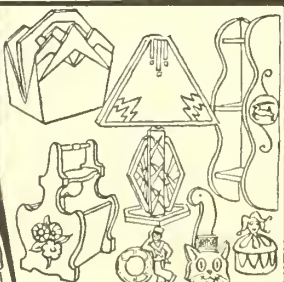
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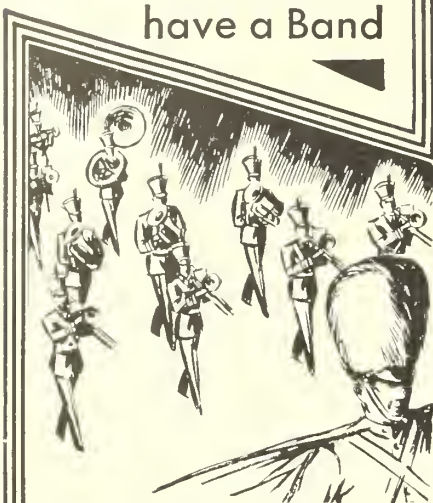
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The Objectives

(Continued from page 51)

higher degree of attention and specialization of study.

A resolution now pending before Congress for the creation of a committee to consider universal draft legislation is one of the foremost measures of the Legion in the Seventy-first Congress. This is commonly referred to as the Reed-Wainwright resolution. It asks that a commission be appointed by Congress, to which shall come members of the House and Senate, representatives of labor, of capital, of transportation, of industry, of the professions and every walk of American life. After full hearings, the commission shall submit a bill to Congress, definite legislation for the universal draft. The Legion is not asking for the adoption of any specific bill, but feels that its request is most reasonable. It asks that all the different strata and phases of the nation's industrial, commercial and economic life be given an opportunity to contribute to the preparation of this bill, a measure that, in the event of war, would permit the nation's capital and labor, its manpower and every resource within its borders to be turned toward a successful prosecution of the war with equality of service to all and special profit to none. The nation still has before its eyes the spectacle of the swollen fortunes of war gathered together by certain citizens at a time when others were laying life itself upon the altar of their country's service. It has seemed to the Legion that this is an appeal demanded by the suffering and the sacrifice of the last war, so that in the event of another emergency, the slacker and the profiteer would not be permitted to thrive and prosper when the fighting men of the nation were pouring out their life blood in its defense.

The Legion has introduced two resolutions dealing with aviation. The first calls for increased appropriations for military, naval and civil aviation, and the other for the completion of the five-year aviation building program. Every airport in the country is an eloquent plea for America to keep abreast of the new era of aviation. Both in commercial and military efforts the nation must be kept in the forefront of progress in the air.

The remainder of the Legion's major legislative requests follow:

A measure calling for the creation of a medical corps in the Veterans Bureau.

Twelve resolutions calling for amendments to the World War Veterans' Act as follows:

1. Dependency pay increases for helpless veterans.
2. Full insurance coverage for recovered permanent totally disabled veterans.
3. Insurance revival modified.
4. Sub-standard insurance for disabled, who are not now insurable.
5. Time for insurance suits eliminated.
6. Arrested tuberculosis award to be additional to other disability awards.

7. Arrested tuberculosis award amended to overcome a decision of the Comptroller of the Treasury.

8. Dependency pay for permanent disability.

9. Presumptive provisions for constitutional diseases.

10. Compensation claim deemed application for all benefits to which the applicant is entitled under the laws.

11. Presumption of service connections conclusive in certain cases.

12. Repeal of sections 206 and 209.

A resolution calling for a flag to cover the coffin of every deceased veteran.

On Immigration, one passport restriction resolution.

On Military Affairs, four resolutions:

1. One calling for the free transportation of dead from Soldiers' Homes to places of burial.

2. Open awards of medals.

3. Twenty-five year retirement for enlisted men.

4. Retirement for native troops.

On Naval Affairs, two resolutions, one calling for the increase of the Naval Reserve to 24,000, and another calling for legislation to preserve the former flagship, *Olympia*.

In addition to these major legislative matters, the National Executive Committee of the Legion selected a second group consisting of seventeen resolutions, which it deemed can be properly handled by the presentation of the resolutions to the proper committees of Congress. This group of resolutions covers the following subjects:

Civil and Military Resources.

Immigration Policy approved.

National Defense Act.

Strength of the Army of the United States.

Legion marksmanship.

Training youth in rifle marksmanship.

Field training co-ordination.

Against reduction of enlisted personnel of Regular Army to increase air service.

Pay bill endorsed.

Pay readjustment for services.

Investigation of pacifist organizations.

United States Naval Cruiser strength.

Increase in personnel.

Flood relief vessel on Mississippi or Ohio rivers.

Merchant Marine.

Limitation of armaments needed.

United States adherence to World Court.

These, then, are the objectives of The American Legion now before the Seventy-first Congress of the United States. They are objectives which merit and can obtain the support of every right-thinking Legionnaire. It is an unselfish program in which the able-bodied man in the Legion asks nothing for himself but stands solidly back of the Legion's insistent urging that the foregoing resolutions be translated into the law of the land by the time this Congress adjourns. It has been felt that if the men and women of The American Legion and its Auxiliary, totaling more than a million members, familiarize themselves with the legislative objectives and aims of the Legion in this

year 1930, they need not apologize nor hesitate to ask every man who served in the World War to join with them in the Legion. In short, The American Legion is before the Congress of the United States, backed by the people in more than ten thousand cities and villages where the posts have become the rallying point for all that is fine and unselfish and lofty in the life and ideals of these communities. It is fighting for proper care and hospitalization of the disabled, for provision for the dependents of the men in hospitals or under disability, for changes to simplify and make more efficient the administrative processes of Congress and the governmental agencies, so that the relief of the veteran and his family may be further carried out. It is fighting for adequate, sound national defense of the nation in order that the great American experiment in republican government may continue to prosper; for a group of measures as unselfish and vital as have ever been presented to an American Congress. Back of this program, the Legion stands united.

This is the program and these are the objectives. They are the purposes of the Legion translated into resolutions at the Louisville convention, to be carried before Congress and passed into needed legislation. No explanation, no answer can be given by the eligible man outside the Legion when this program is placed before him, and he is asked to account for his absence from our ranks.

In order to turn the foregoing reso-

lutions and aims into finished legislation, a large and widespread membership in the Legion is required. Such a membership, scattered throughout the United States, intelligently advised of our objectives, is a truly representative medium from which congressmen and senators may accurately be advised of the wishes of the American people. The Legion is solemnly committed to the foregoing legislative program. The translation of these resolutions into law is the foremost single project before it at present. It offers a plain, forceful reason for every man outside the Legion to join with us, to bend his efforts and influence toward obtaining relief and care for the disabled and their dependents, proper defense of the nation, loyalty to his community, and the countless aims, ideals and purposes of the Legion.

Each man who wears the Legion emblem is a vital part of The American Legion. Its dreams and its hopes are his. Its aims and objectives are his aims and objectives. Its legislative program is his opportunity and obligation. With such objectives as these and with a record of unselfish devotion to the disabled and to the nation, every Legionnaire can be justly proud of our common effort. Filled with a conviction of the righteousness in his cause, he can gather more and more of the eligible numbers into the Legion and add to the confidence and respect which The American Legion enjoys today in the hearts of the American people.

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 31)

mining town is as good as next door to hospitals in Sacramento and San Francisco. In four days recently, the Legion ambulance made five runs with a total of 600 miles. We provide this service free to all the people of our county."

Elyria—Not Washington

APOLOGIES to the drum and bugle corps of Elyria (Ohio) Post for the Monthly's error in publishing an illustration showing this outfit with which appeared a caption describing it as the drum and bugle corps of Victory Post of Washington, D. C. The illustration, appearing on page 20 of the Monthly for December, showed a scene in the parade at the Louisville national convention. Carl F. Wolf, secretary of the Elyria outfit, writes to correct the record.

"Elyria Post's corps was organized in 1927 with all raw recruits," comments Mr. Wolf. "Eight months later it took third prize in the competition at the Ohio Department's convention at Canton. The next year, at Columbus, it won first place. At the San Antonio national convention the corps landed just outside the final competition. The outfit won first place at the Ohio Department convention at Akron in 1929, where it was also designated the official drum corps of the Ohio Grande Voi-

ture of the Forty and Eight. A special train, with 100 Legionnaires and friends, took the corps to Louisville, where it marched in that wonderful parade, took first place in the preliminary event of the national competition but lost out on the money in the finals. In the Forty and Eight parade at Louisville it was awarded first prize, thereby becoming the national drum and bugle corps of the Forty and Eight. The Legion can expect the outfit to do its stuff again at Boston next September."

Auxiliary Gains

FIVE hundred thousand members is the goal toward which The American Legion Auxiliary is pointing. For a number of years the Auxiliary has been making a steady growth of approximately ten percent a year, and by continuing this expansion it will pass the half-million mark within the next four or five years. The speeding up of membership growth indicated by a record-breaking early enrollment of 1930 members will bring this total much sooner.

The Auxiliary's 1930 membership goal is 360,936 members, an increase of 30,178 over the 1929 goal. On December 1, 1929, the total membership of the Auxiliary stood at 333,961, an increase of 29,538 over (Continued on page 54)

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 53)

the corresponding date in the previous year. The enrollment of 1930 members was 45,222 ahead of the enrollment of 1929 members on the corresponding date in 1928.

The Department of Pennsylvania, which forged ahead of Iowa in 1928 for the honor of being the largest department in the Auxiliary, held the honor again in 1929. On December 1, 1929, Pennsylvania's enrollment was 27,076, against a total of 25,425 for Iowa. The Department of Illinois nosed past Iowa in 1929 and was close on the heels of Pennsylvania, with 26,027 members enrolled. A close race for the "biggest department" title is expected between these three departments this year. New York, Minnesota, Wisconsin, California, Massachusetts, Indiana and Ohio make up the rest of the Auxiliary's "Big Ten." The largest percentage of increase during the past year was made by the Department of Hawaii, which enrolled 189 percent of its quota.

Looking Toward Boston

IN 1917, in the earliest months of the war, hundreds of American physicians were transformed into medical officers with unparalleled rapidity. A few weeks after leaving towns and cities throughout the United States, they found themselves performing operations in casualty clearing stations of the British Army, close behind the battle lines. They were battle veterans before the earliest A. E. F. divisions had taken root in France. At the same time, the Medical Corps of the American Army took over a group of hospitals behind the British Front.

Memories of those days will be recalled at Boston during the national convention of The American Legion next autumn when a reunion will be attended by Americans who served in the British Army or attached to it.

"We hope to have a number of British guests present," writes Dr. C. R. Bird, 301 Hume-Mansur Building, Indianapolis, who is helping arrange for the reunion. "Nursing sisters of the British Army and American nurses who served with the British are especially invited. Men and women who send their names, former ranks and units will be supplied with additional information."

Don't Go to Las Vegas

LAS VEGAS, Nevada, the town nearest to the site for Boulder Dam, is hard hit by a depression and service men from many States who have gone to the town expecting to find work and opportunities have found instead only hardships and suffering. Las Vegas Post of The American Legion sends a warning which it hopes will prevent additional outsiders from rushing in to join the town's army of destitute and distressed.

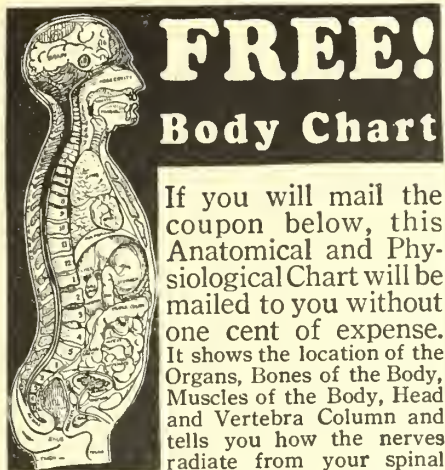
"There is a widespread rumor that work has started on Boulder Dam, that Las Vegas is booming and that service men need only come here to find an end to all their troubles," writes William L. Scott, Post Adjutant. "The facts are that work has not been started on the dam and there is not a single government man on the site at this time. Work will not be started for a long time—several years from now, probably. The Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., can give information on this. It has issued through the newspapers many warnings in an effort to keep men from flocking to the Boulder Dam area."

"Las Vegas had a boom last spring, promoted by real estate sharks, but at present the city is in the worst business slump in its history. Even the professions are hard hit, with new offices still opening. There is not a job to be had doing work of any nature."

"Appeals to county institutions for



Governor Walter J. Kohler of Wisconsin signs the act which makes the Wisconsin Department custodian of forty square miles of woods and lakes, to be known as American Legion Memorial State Park. The tract adjoins the department's wild game refuge and convalescent camp



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help have been so numerous that all have adopted a defensively hard-boiled attitude. Our post, numbering not more than 175 members, is in the same position as other organizations. We have undertaken to care for the most desperate cases, in which women and children are suffering.

"At first, we adopted the policy of helping all Legionnaires. Then we were forced to adopt the policy of extending help to Legionnaires only when their home posts authorized aid. But all attempts to reach a satisfactory basis of extending help have been unavailing, and we have simply had to put up the bars.

"A few service men suffering from tuberculosis have arrived here penniless, attracted by true reports of our climate, which is not unlike that in Arizona. But these disabled men ought not to come here without ample means for their support. We cannot help them. There is no office of the Veterans Bureau nearer than Los Angeles, California, and there is absolutely no means of providing hospitalization here."

"Sinister Shadows"

ADVERTISING Men's Post of Chicago has the reputation of never holding a dull luncheon meeting. To its luncheons, held in a Chicago down-town hotel, come guests from all parts of the country. At a luncheon recently, when post members and their guests finished dessert and sat back in their chairs expectantly, the Post Commander exhibited a book and introduced its author.

"This book is 'Sinister Shadows,' a fictionalized description of the under-cover operations of communists in schools and colleges and elsewhere," the Commander said. "The author is your fellow post member, Edwin M. Hadley. All royalties from the sale of the book will go into the post treasury to be used in our work for the disabled. How much am I offered for this first copy, fresh from the press?"

That was the beginning of an auction which ended when Guest W. W. Widenham of Los Angeles won the book on his bid of \$100. Since that luncheon, more than \$500 has been added to the post treasury from the sale of the book.

"I personally recommend this book to all Legionnaires," writes Fred E. Busbey, Americanism Director for the Department of Illinois. "I have seen more than one hundred reviews of the work and think it has been reviewed nationally as much if not more than any novel that has appeared in the last ten years. The price of the book is \$2.50. It may be obtained from any book dealer or by addressing me in care of the headquarters of the Illinois Department of The American Legion, Bloomington, Illinois."

Iowa in the War

ADD the name of Iowa to the list of States publishing comprehensive records of their service men in the World War," requests James L. Hanrahan of Fort Dodge, Iowa, adding:

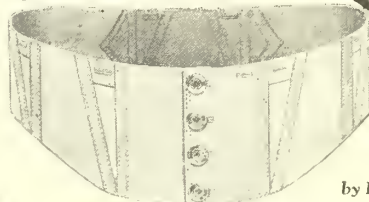
"The Iowa War Roster Commission, created by the (Continued on page 56)

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 55)

state legislature some years ago, has about finished its work of listing the men and women of Iowa who served in the World War. It is estimated that this roster will require ten volumes of 1,200 pages each. The State had 114,217 men and women in service, of whom 54,147 got overseas. The roster will also include names of those who served on the Mexican Border in 1916-17.

"One volume will contain historical sketches of organizations in which considerable numbers of Iowans served, a summary of casualties, a list of Iowans captured by the enemy, a list of Iowans buried in national and overseas cemeteries, a list of Iowans decorated or cited by the United States or allied governments and a sketch of the selective service work in Iowa. The commission hopes to have this first volume ready for distribution, to libraries, patriotic societies,

schools, colleges and such individuals as may wish a copy, some time in 1930. The other volumes will appear later.

Roll Call of Contributors

CLARENCE L. KINCAID is Commander of the Department of California and a Past Commander of Hollywood Post . . . **Peter B. Kyne** was Historian of the Department of California in its second year . . . **Leonard H. Nason** was one of the founders of Moses Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont . . . **Marquis James** belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . **Ferre C. Watkins**, Past Commander of The Department of Illinois and former National Executive Committeeman, is chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee.

RIGHT GUIDE

Then and Now

(Continued from page 36)

Now, so here goes with my particular story:

"The picture I am enclosing shows Base Hospital No. 11 which was located on the estate of Grand Blottereau just out of Doulon, France. This hospital center consisted of Base Hospitals No. 11, Chicago; No. 38, Philadelphia, and No. 216, the last mentioned having been made up from the personnel of Nos. 11, 38 and 34 in the late summer of 1918.

"Our first patient was a Chicago lad named Howard Lamb of the 149th Field Artillery, who, incidentally, was a patient of ours on two occasions. Our second patient was another Chicago boy named Courtney, who hailed from 40th and Harrison Streets. Where are these men now?

"We took care of wounded from nearly every American division in the A. E. F., having had about six thousand American boys and hundreds of German wounded prisoners. From all information I can gather, Base Hospital No. 11 had the lowest death rate of any Base Hospital in the A. E. F., totaling only forty-one.

"After the Armistice, when combat troops were obtaining leaves, many of our former patients came back to spend a few days with the No. 11 gang. This seems to prove that we must have given those chaps some A No. 1 attention while confined in our camp.

"The old gang is holding together in the Veterans of Grand Blottereau which holds its annual reunion every February and an annual meeting, election and banquet in October. Our official monthly publication, *Eleven News*, is mailed to members in thirty-five States, some going even into Mexico, Hawaii and Italy.

While most of our active members are Chicagoans, many out-of-town members also come in for our reunions, including our old colonel, now Major F. O. McFarland of Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

"As editor of our paper, I should like to hear from all former members of the hospital and also from ex-patients."

Legionnaire Paul O. Dunn may be addressed at 2130 Morse Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

16TH INF., Co. C, SQUAD No. 1. Disabled gunner wants statements from men who participated in capture of Hill 272 about the middle of September, 1918.

358TH INF., Co. C. Information wanted by Lawyer ARKANSAS in connection with claim for disabilities sustained in A. E. F.

FIRST ARMY CORPS, HQ. TROOP. Former members who remember Isadore J. DEMMER, 304TH F. A., BTRY. F. Comrades who know anything about Lt. Thomas Dunn ENGLISH, last heard from on Apr. 12, 1919.

109TH INF., HQ. Co., 28TH DIV. Charles HAMMETT wants to hear from former comrades in connection with claim.

MED. CORPS, A. E. F. Disabled comrade wants statement from Capt. William Wells HOYT, M. C., whose last known address was American Consulate, Marseilles, France.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS, COS. 7 AND 8. John J. O'NEILL requires statements from former comrades.

164TH INF., Co. E. An effort is being made to locate former Sgt. Walter J. SKIHANY who has a considerable sum of money due him from the Government.

69TH ENGRS., Co. C, A. E. F. William W. ALDRIDGE, former member, wishes to hear from men who served with him at St. Pierre des Corps (Tours), France, from Oct., 1918, to Jan., 1919.

15TH U. S. ENGRS., Co. A. There is no



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34x4	2.95	1.15	\$4.10
34x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	\$4.65
34x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	\$4.65
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record of the return from France of Pvt. Norman NEBLEY. Suit for insurance pending. Does anyone know of his whereabouts?

U. S. S. *Matsonia*, sailing Aug. 14, 1918, and arriving at Brest, France, Aug. 25, 1918. Homer M. FUSSELL would like to have statement from officer serving as officer of the day who remembers this incident: While Fussell was on guard on a stormy night when all except guards were ordered below, he was stationed at top of steps leading from upper deck to gun deck and sitting in chair next to the crew mess hall. The O. D. approached him and Fussell "was seized by collar, given a genuine shaking up and bawling out, and accused of being asleep on post." Fussell reports he bears no grudge but believes this officer could be of material assistance by making statement of facts.

THE reunion move on Boston, Legion national convention city for 1930, continues. Besides the big show of the convention, Louisville this past fall saw the reunions of approximately twenty veterans' organizations. While some veterans' societies are of the opinion that the larger get-together overshadows their own outfit's meeting, this thought, in a sense, is offset by the fact that a Legion national convention will attract more men of an outfit than a reunion alone.

In December, we announced that the 21st U. S. Engineers, Light Railway, First Army, after its successful meeting in Louisville, adopted the slogan "On to Boston with The American Legion in 1930." Frederick G. Webster, 6819-A Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, is handling the reunion plans. That was the first outfit under the wire. Last month, Mrs. Topsy Quinn Culver suggested a reunion of all the A. E. F. war brides, in conjunction with the Legion meeting. Incidentally, the dates set for the 1930 convention are October sixth to ninth, inclusive.

Now comes word from Walter J. Wells, secretary of the Officers of Boston Branch No. 11, Society of the Third Division, as follows:

THIRD DIVISION, A. E. F.—All veterans of the Third Division are requested to be present at the Third Division reunion which will be held during the 1930 Legion national convention at Boston. Whether or not you plan to attend, write to Secretary Walter J. Wells, Headquarters, Elks Hotel, 275 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Are you receiving your *Watch on the Rhine*?

Additional announcements of interest to ex-warriors, including convention reunions of smaller units, follow:

27TH Div.—"New York's Own" National Guard Division veterans will hold a convention in London, England, in May, 1930, followed by a tour of Belgian and French battlefields. For particulars address C. Pemberton Lenart, secy-treas., 100 State st., Albany, N. Y.

32nd Div.—Divisional reunion in Milwaukee, Wis., Sept., 1930. Address Byron Beveridge, secy., c/o Wisconsin National Guard Review, State Capitol, Madison.

37TH Div.—First and second volumes of 37th Division A. E. F. History are ready for distribution. Any man who served in division is entitled to both volumes. Send name, address and outfit to John Edwards, secy-treas., 37th Div., A. E. F. Veterans' Association, 329 Stone-man bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

78TH Div.—Former members are requested to file names and permanent addresses, stating unit in which they served, with Lieut. John Kennedy, secy., 78th Div. Assoc., 208 W. 19th st., New York City.

114TH INF. ASSOC., 29TH Div.—Reunion in July, 1930, at Sea Girt, N. J. Address H. J. Lepper, secy., 160 Van Reipen ave., Jersey City, N. J.

M. G. Co., 104TH INF.—All former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in Boston, Mass., in 1930, address Edwin A. Holmes, 40 Broad st., Boston.

Co. H, 126TH INF., FORMERLY Co. H, 31ST Mich. INF.—History (Continued on page 58)

New Million Dollar CAN OPENER



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"ELASTEX"
LITTLE CORPORAL Belt

Then and Now

(Continued from page 57)

soon ready for distribution. Former members wanting copies and also interested in quarterly reunions held in vicinity of Detroit, Mich., are requested to write to John P. Woods, 13184 Compass ave., Detroit.

Co. F, 168TH INF., 42D DIV.—Reunion at Villisca, Iowa, Mar. 9. Address Orville L. Wagamon, Villisca.

79TH F. A., FORMERLY 21ST CAV.—Reunion in Fort Riley, Kans., its birthplace, during summer of 1930. Former members are requested to send names and addresses to Peter Murdock, 16 Hoyt st., Spring Valley, N. Y.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—To complete roster, former members are requested to send names and addresses to Adjt. L. J. Lynch, 209 W. Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BATTERIES E AND F, 113TH F. A.—Joint reunion at Lenoir, N. C., in 1930. For particulars address Sgt. J. C. Powell, secy., 2030 Bay st., Charlotte, N. C.

BTRY. F, 61ST REGT., C. A. C.—Annual banquet at DeSoto Hotel, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 21st. All former members requested to attend or to write to J. C. DuBois, secy., Btry. F Club, P. O. Box 593, Savannah.

15TH U. S. ENGRS.—Regimental reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 26. Report to R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken ave., Pittsburgh, 6.

34TH ENGRS.—Regimental reunion at Triangle Park, Dayton, O., Aug. 31. Address George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

Co. C, 23D ENGRS.—Former members interested in recent pictures of old camp sites and company memorial monument in France, may obtain copies from E. Garforth, Abington, Pa.

104TH FIELD SIG. BN.—In order to complete roster, former members are requested to write to Geo. R. Deeken, 29 Garrison ave., Jersey City, N. J.

318TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Former members interested in reunion during Legion national convention at Boston, Oct. 6-9, address Earle E. Murphy, P. O. Box 998, New London, Conn.

TROOP L, SIXTH CAV.—Former members interested in proposed veterans' association and reunion, address W. J. Gillilan, 1031 Pine st., Darby, Delaware County, Pa.

104TH SAN. TRAIN, 29TH DIV.—Former members urgently requested to write to Captain Richard C. O'Connell, 104th Med. Regt. Armory, Fayette and Paca sts., Baltimore, Md., relative proposed reunion in Baltimore, June 1st.

SEVENTH BN. (25TH, 26TH, 27TH AND 28TH COS.), 151ST DEPOT BRIG.—Third reunion to be held, in conjunction with Legion national convention, at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Oct. 9th.

Address R. M. Leonard, 176 Aspen road, Swampscott, Mass.

AVIATORS—Second annual reunion of all aviators of Army and Navy in Chicago, Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Aviation Post of the Legion will be host. Address Sidney A. Pierson, Aviation Post, The American Legion, Sherman Hotel, Chicago.

638TH AERO SQDRN.—Following success of reunion in New York City, a second reunion will be held in Boston in Nov. Address Paul W. Stafstrom, P. O. Box 237, Oakville, Conn.

491ST AERO CONSTR. SQDRN.—Former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in Boston, Oct. 6-9, address Talmage B. Rowe, 369 East Green st., Naticke, Pa.

MINE SWEEPING DIV. SQUAD. No. 10, SEC. BASE No. 8.—Former members interested in proposed reunion address Harry Levy, Gen. Lighthouse Depot, Port Richmond, S. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *Tuscania*—Annual memorial dinner of survivors at Milwaukee, Wisc., Feb. 5. Address Leo V. Zimmermann, 567 55th st., Milwaukee.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. 31—Patients, enlisted men, officers and nurses interested in reunion at Carlisle, Pa., in July, 1930, address Miss Magdalena Shumpp, 35 S. Bedford st., Carlisle.

BASE HOSP. 104—All former members interested in reunion, address Joseph Sussman, 133 Smith st., Perth Amboy, N. J.

104TH FIELD HOSP., 26TH DIV.—To complete roster, members write to John W. Dunlap, 63 Pennacook st., Manchester, N. H.

RED CROSS AMB. Co. No. 18, LATER AMB. Co. No. 341, 86TH DIV.—Former members interested in joining veterans' association address H. Y. Tinch, Broad Ripple Auto Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

EIGHTH ARMY CORPS, PHILIPPINE VETERANS—County and State branches and Regimental associations of the eighty regiments are being organized. Names and addresses of Philippine veterans are wanted for new rosters. Address Geo. S. Geis, pres., Box 342, Wabash, Ind.

BRITISH (IMPERIALS) VETERANS—A reunion at the Legion national convention in Boston in 1930 is planned of all who served in any branch of the British Army, including men of the U. S. Army who served with the Imperials, and also Nursing Sisters of British Army and U. S. nurses who served with British Forces. Distinguished British guests will be invited. Co-operation and suggestions are invited by Dr. C. R. Bird, ex-capt., R. A. M. C., 301 Hume-Mansur bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE COMPANY CLERK

On Location to Stay

(Continued from page 33)

many things for which The American Legion stands.

The photograph of the front of the clubhouse conveys in a measure a sense of the building's symbolism, but it cannot tell the full story. One must see the auditorium, with its proscenium arch, a full semi-circle hung with velvet curtains, the graceful arches that support the dome of the auditorium. He must see also the vaulted ceilings of the recreation room, the main entrance rotunda, the World War relics in the trophies room, the balconies and the lounges. Together, they set unusual standards of beauty and appropriateness that will certainly influence the erection of similar clubhouses by Legion posts elsewhere.

The architects are Gene and Joe Weston. With them worked Paul Jeffers, construction expert, rated as one of the finest concrete engineers in the United States. Gene Weston joined Hollywood Post in August of 1919 and has served the post as Vice Commander and as chairman of its finance committee when it adopted its budget system. His archi-

tectural training included work in the office of Bertram G. Goodhue of New York City, one of the country's outstanding architects. He has made a special study of decorative ornament, work which carried him to Cairo, Constantinople and Mexico City. He is a director of Los Angeles Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. Joseph Weston also joined the post in 1919 and has served as Vice Commander and as chairman of the relief committee and the finance and budget committee. He studied architecture at the University of Pennsylvania and at Paris in 1925, building on the groundwork he laid in 1919 when he was a student at the A. E. F. Art Training Center near Paris.

The clubhouse is reminiscent of the old communal halls of Northern Italy. From basement to roof, its walls are of earthquake-proof and fireproof reinforced concrete. The impression of solidity conveyed by first sight of the structure remains as one looks upon the halls and corridors. Located on a site of three acres near Hollywood Post's fa-

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mous stadium, in which the post has conducted boxing matches for many years, the structure displays its strength from every vantage point. An eighty-one-foot flagpole and a 210 mm. captured German howitzer decorate the terrace at the head of the broad steps. Across the top of the building is a frieze composed of a horizontal series of shields representing the fighting divisions of the A. E. F. These are constructed of polychrome terra cotta with vivid coloring. Each shield weighs 150 pounds and is four feet high. Immediately below the series of shields are inscribed the first words of the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion, and the full text of the Preamble is continued in a tablet below the frieze which joins the top of the main entrance. Supporting the tablet bearing the Preamble is the emblem of The American Legion and emblems of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Symbolical designs on both sides of the doorway represent all branches of service, such as Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, Air Service and so forth.

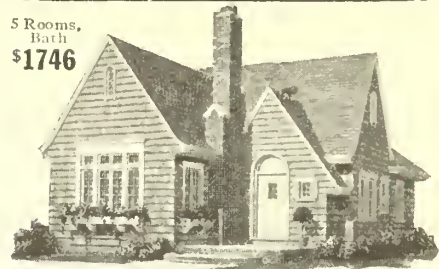
The lower portion of the tower bears the Legion's inscription "In Peace, As in War—We Serve." The upper portion of the tower is inscribed with the names of Foch and Pershing and other World War leaders. The symbolism of the exterior of the building is matched by the decorative features of the interior.

If one were to describe all the separate and unusual features of the building and list the men who designed them or supervised their execution, he would have to mention a goodly percentage of the post's many members. When the building was dedicated on July 4, 1929, in the presence of Paul V. McNutt, then National Commander, it fulfilled the hopes which every member had held for many years. The \$270,000 invested in it represented earnings from the post's Hollywood Legion Stadium in which have been given weekly boxing shows. These shows have enabled the post to spend \$115,000 in relief and charity work. The Legion bouts held in the stadium are notable alike for the standing of the fighters who take part in them and for the unusual number of celebrities who come to see them. The post's members include a large percentage of the best-known actors of the motion picture world and it also includes men of the widest possible diversity of vocations. The post prides itself upon its all-inclusive membership as well as the size of its enrollment. The post's membership is limited to 1,250. Last year about four hundred members were connected with the motion picture industry. Each year the post publishes a directory listing all members by occupations, and we feel that this booklet is a powerful index to the Legion's character as a true cross section of the community.

As an everyday center for our own members, the post's new home has already come up to our expectations fully. The door is always open, and Hollywood Post wants to welcome all Legionnaires who come our way. To use a term of the picture industry, Hollywood Post is on permanent location.

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 27)

history poor nations, sinewy and trained, have made war on the rich and soft to get some of their wealth.

HE IS COLONEL PATRICK J. HURLEY of Oklahoma, once a cowboy, the new Secretary of War. He was in the Aisne-

Another Hurley

him we have a soldier and a lawyer who knows more about war and how to prevent it than Edward N. Hurley. Under him the Army will have expert and sympathetic direction.

THE LATE JAMES W. GOOD, able as he was in his own line, came to the Secretaryship of War wholly unfamiliar

Sad and Informing

with his task and Army personnel. He learned much in his brief incumbency. He wrote an article on the Army for the New York Herald-Tribune which was published after his death, with this postscript: "This article was prepared prior to my illness before I had had personal experience with the officers of the Army

Medical Corps. Since my illness I have come to admire them from the bottom of my heart." He had learned what Davis, MacNider and Hurley, who came to the War Department as veterans of the World War, already knew.

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The Best We Can Get

They think we shall never have another war should not object; and those who think we may have another can not be against the fair play of drafting all men and resources to share risks, death, sacrifice and cost.

Old Crocks

(Continued from page 11)

five days in Paris and blew in three months' pay celebrating his return to the active list! Being fully aware of the general order which provided dire punishment, even dismissal from the service, for officers who got chummy with lovely French ladies in cafés, he forgot his broken arches and danced every night with any number of damsels to whom he had never been introduced. Also realizing that another order from G. H. Q. restricted him to light wines and beers, and although an extremely temperate man all his life he practically bathed in champagne and cognac; when an idiot of an M. P. lieutenant placed him under arrest for being drunk and disorderly, he knocked the M. P. out and fled like a startled fawn. In a word, for a flat-footed man he went some!

When finally he reported for duty at the headquarters of the —th division, the commanding general, a dull old dug-out, eyed him sourly. "Where have you been, Colonel?" he demanded. "The copy of your travel orders and assignment reached these headquarters a week ago."

"I've been on the retired list, sir," Colonel Marlowe replied promptly, "and it's taken me a week to get off and back on the active list."

"Oh!" said the old man. He had profound sympathy for those on the re-

tired list at a time like the present—probably because he had been playing hookey from it himself for ten years. "You look like hell," he added, however. "My personal opinion is that you've been in Paris raising the devil. Good Lord," he complained, "there isn't any more discipline in this man's army than you'll find among a troop of wild monkeys. Even the regular establishment has caught the infection from these damned, irresponsible civilians. They'll even bring liquor into quarters and that's strictly against Regulations."

"Lord, I need a hair from the tail of the dog that bit me," the new chief of staff complained. "General, do you by any chance happen to have a jolt of Three Star Hennessy in your desk? I'm perishing."

The general growled like an old dog deprived of a bone and grudgingly drew a bottle from his desk. "They assure me that's the real McCoy," he assured the colonel. "Laid down in 1854. Don't tell any of your subordinates I have it. It's too damned good for them."

"Mother's milk," said Colonel Marlowe, smacking his blue lips. "Gosh, what a lovely war! I wouldn't have missed it for a ripe peach. General, how's the discipline in this division?"

"Great!" the ancient idiot replied proudly. "Absolutely marvelous. You

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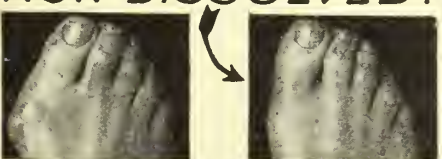
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can't conceive how readily and enthusiastically these civilians of ours lend themselves to a martial career. Man, I love them."

Colonel Marlowe nodded pleasurably and helped himself to another peg of the 1854. Just to be friendly the general had one. Then the colonel said he guessed it wasn't worth while settling down to his job until next day and the general agreed with him and they had another. Thereafter they talked of old times in the old Army and had a few more. Deciding now that they were the two ideal men for their respective jobs, they got into the colonel's car and drove thirty kilometers to a large town and a certain café favored by the general.

The general was a very paternal old man. He had a wife and three married daughters at home, but declared he felt as young as he had ever been, which is probably why, upon observing an army nurse dining in solitary state at an adjoining table, he made his years and his paternalism an excuse for introducing himself. It is probable, also, that his rank and the 1854 Hennessy had something to do with it. At any rate he returned to his table escorting, with something of the air of a conquering hero, a girl in her late twenties whom he introduced to Colonel Marlowe as Miss Daisy Hogan.

"Now," he declared with the solemn finality of Ajax defying the lightning, "we'll have a party."

Miss Hogan favored the old man with a cool and calculating appraisal from two very lovely Celtic blue eyes. "That will be very nice, General," Marlowe heard her say, "provided you are quite certain you realize I'm an army nurse and not a Y. M. C. A. entertainer."

Thus did Daisy Hogan put the general on parade. She turned her cool glance next on his chief of staff, and something (perhaps the 1854 Hennessy had something to do with it) caused the Old Crock to blush. He met Miss Hogan's glance bravely but with difficulty, and for his gallantry was immediately decorated with an approving smile. "I think you're a nice chief of staff, Colonel Marlowe," she said, thereby putting him on parade. "As a nurse I prescribe some solid food immediately. I'm quite famished."

The general leaned toward his chief of staff and in what was intended for a confidential whisper, wheezed: "She'd ought to have been born a man, Marlowe. What a splendid officer she would have made. Estimates the situation, acts vigorously and has the invaluable characteristics of instantaneous decision and initiative. I think we ought to have some Vichy water."

Daisy Hogan laughed—and on the instant, and for the first time in his life, Colonel Humphrey Marlowe fell violently in love. Daisy Hogan wasn't beautiful. She was merely handsome, what the Irish call "a fine figure of a woman," and she had patience and tact, both of which qualities had to be drawn upon rather heavily (Continued on page 62)



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Old Cocks

(Continued from page 61)

before the dinner party was concluded. As the trio left the café, the general stumbling ahead and his military inferiors walking behind him, Marlowe asked Daisy Hogan if they might be privileged to spend another such delightful evening with her.

"No," Miss Hogan replied with decision. "You'll do but papa is all wrong."

"Next time I'll leave him home," the Old Crock suggested humbly.

"I dine here about four nights a week, Colonel," Daisy Hogan informed him. Whereupon the Colonel estimated the situation and found it to his liking.

In this, his first love affair, the colonel was, decidedly, not a fast worker. About him there still clung something of the deference and diffidence and chivalry of an older day, so he courted Miss Daisy deliberately. Indeed, it could scarcely be termed courtship. Rather it was an exhibition of a fine friendship, for whenever he permitted his thoughts to stray beyond the boundaries of friendship, the knowledge that he was an Old Crock, on the active list by trick and device and scheduled for the retired list again as soon as the war should be over (provided, of course, that he survived it), he realized the futility of appearing sentimental. His retired pay was not sufficient to support a wife. It was hard enough to have to dwell in genteel poverty without descending to the abysmal selfishness of asking this fine girl to share it with him. The best he could hope for, consequently, was the privilege of basking in her society two or three nights a week while his division was in training; then he would go up to the Front and after that it was probable they would not meet again.

One night he motored over to their meeting place. Daisy Hogan was not in the restaurant, but a waiter handed Marlowe a note she had left there for him. "I am ordered to a field hospital just back of the front," she wrote. "Please God I shall not meet you there! When the war is over may I not hope to meet you again in God's country," and she enclosed her address and subscribed herself sincerely his.

"I wish," Colonel Humphrey Marlowe murmured, "that I were twenty years younger, that I had never seen this man's army and that I had a pair of good feet under me. I've sacrificed everything worth while for my country with the exception of my life."

He was depressed. He did not care now how soon he sacrificed his life. Also he was fed up on his commanding general, whom he now knew to be an incompetent old drifter with the tides of destiny. The burden of command, which the old man shrugged off his heavy shoulders, fell on his chief of staff. The ancient warrior was unable to make decisions or formulate plans, so Marlowe did it for him; after he had done it the old man criticized and made changes.

For a while Marlowe's long training in military subservience induced him to accept the changes without comment, but presently he discovered that he might dare to put his original plans and orders into execution without danger of the old man discovering it. Whereupon he did so!

In the fullness of time they moved up to the Front and there the old man cracked like a crockery pitcher dropped on a cement floor. In the first week of active service an inspector general called on him and the following day he was en route to Blois for reclassification. His successor was little better and blamed Marlowe for all of his mistakes.

The latter bore the oppression cheerfully. However, the bearing of the burdens of active warfare cheerfully is something that no man may continue to do indefinitely and the peak of the Old Crock's misfortunes was reached when the division commander came into his headquarters one day and stared heavily at his chief of staff.

"Colonel," he said presently, "you issued orders for transports to use the Bellair-Maringy road in daylight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you consult with me before issuing such a fool order in my name?"

"You were cock-eyed drunk in bed, sir. We had to get food and ammunition up in a hurry, and it has been my experience of warfare that we must not hesitate to crack eggs to make an omelette. As the official mouthpiece of this division I cracked eggs. We have paid the price, but it wasn't very high at that and the benefits outweigh the defects of my action."

"How dare you address me so insolently, sir."

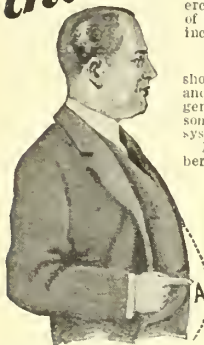
"Oh, go to hell, you insufferable ass," Marlowe half moaned. He, too, had cracked at last.

"I do not know," said the commanding general freezingly, "how you happened to get back on the active list, but I do know that you are incompetent and not physically fit for arduous active service. I'll have you headed for the U. S. A. so fast you'll be wondering for a month of Sundays what happened to you. Back to the retired list for you and thank your lucky stars I regard you as mentally deficient, otherwise I would court-martial you."

"Bah!" cried Colonel Humphrey Marlowe shrilly. "Beat it, or I'll knock you for a row of dug-outs—you murderer!"

When he found himself alone—and, strangely enough, not ordered in arrest the Old Crock actually laughed. "I've got to get out of here," he decided presently, "before retribution overtakes me and sends me back to the retired list. What I want—what I've got to have—is some human association with human beings—with dirty, tired, hungry, thirsty, weary, wet, unlicked enlisted men. I've

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got to roll around in the dirt again with men I can understand. I've got to command a regiment, and by the breech-block of Big Bertha, I'm going to go A. W. O. L. down to G. H. Q. and fix up the deal."

"Ten minutes later, with all of his earthly possessions in the tonneau of a car which he drove himself, he was flying down a shell-pocked road headed for his destiny. Shortly before dark he entered, uninvited, the office of the chief of staff of the A. E. F. at G. H. Q. in Chaumont.

"Frank," he said plaintively, "I want a regiment. I'm tired of a desk job correcting the martial errors of human orang-outangs. I've discovered that military errors can't be corrected."

"Oh, hello, Humphrey, old man. Howdy. A regiment? Infantry, of course. Any particular choice?"

"Yes. It must be in the front lines."

"You're a gift from God. I'll have you assigned at once to the —th. It has had six colonels and every one of them has been killed with an official ax. We blooeyed No. 6 yesterday. The regiment is suffering from broken morale; it's heavy-hearted, without confidence in its leaders; it needs shaking up, heartening, leadership. It's in support of a French outfit up near Montparnasse. Find out where that is while I get out the orders relieving you from your present job and assigning you to command of the —th. You'll have to have a car, of course."

"I have one. Stole it this morning." "You'll have to beat it up there in a hurry, Humphrey. Your new outfit is due for a big jump-off within three days."

With his orders in his pocket the Old Crock was about to climb into his car when an army nurse paused on the sidewalk and called to him. It was Daisy Hogan and she greeted him with unaffected gladness.

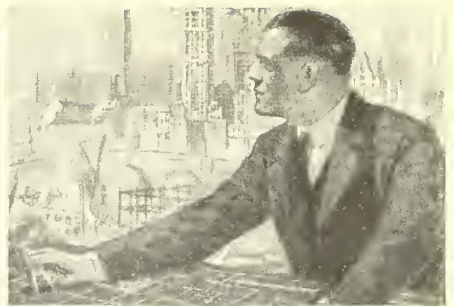
"Will you kiss me good-bye, Daisy," the Old Crock pleaded. "I'm just going up yonder to take over command of a regiment. It needs leading and I'm going to lead it. Probably we'll not meet again."

"What a dear, slow old thing you are," Daisy murmured, and crept into his arms and kissed him. He held her there a moment, oblivious to his world, then with a strange lightness of spirit he had never before felt, a feeling of exaltation that was comforting as a cool hand laid on a fevered brow, he let her go, climbed into his car and went forward to take that which he had always dreamed of taking. And that was the command of a regiment.

"Poor devils," he thought. "They've had a raw deal. I must be good to them."

Daisy Hogan gazed after the disappearing car through tear-dimmed eyes. "Poor Old Crock," she murmured. "Dear old sentimentalist! He's going to have his one great chance to flame heroic before the Retired List shall claim him again. Dear Humphrey! He ought to have a wife to take care of him!"

(To be concluded)



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IT IS a source of pride to the staff of The American Legion Monthly that so much of the material which first saw print in its pages has been deemed worthy of permanent preservation in book form. The list of books which follows constitutes a census of articles and stories, long and short, which made their bow in this magazine and are now available between more substantial covers. Of the titles listed, six (five novels and one series of articles) appeared complete in the Monthly. The others are books whose contents is made up in part of material which appeared in the Monthly. The dates in parentheses are the issues of the magazine in which the stories or articles specified appeared. The name and address of the publisher and the price is given in each instance so that readers who wish to secure the books may write to the publishers or pass the information on to their local booksellers. The list follows:

WHITE AFRICANS AND BLACK. By C. LeRoy Baldrige. W. W. Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, 1920. \$10. (Contains "Veterans of Another A.E.F.," which appeared in the July, 1920, issue.)

THE BROKEN 3. By Karl W. Detzer. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1920. \$2. (March-September, 1920.)

HOW RED IS AMERICA? By Will Irwin. J. H. Sears & Company, 114 East 32d Street, New York, 1927. \$1.50. (October, 1926—January, 1927.)

THE RAVEN: A LIFE OF SAM HOUSTON. By Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1920. \$5. (Contains "The Plain of St. Hyacinth," which appeared in the September, 1920, issue under the title "San Jacinto Corn").

THEY ALSO SERVE. By Peter B. Kyne. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 950 Eighth Avenue, New York, 1927. \$2. (February-November, 1927.)

IT'S A GREAT WAR! By Mary Lee. Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass. 1920. \$3. (September-October, 1920, in part.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER. By Leonard H. Nason. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York, 1920. \$2. (August, 1928—February, 1920.)

OLD FAMILIAR FACES. By Meredith Nicholson. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1920. \$2.50. (Contains "Should Nellie Stay at Home?" which appeared in the June, 1928, issue, and "Americans All," which appeared in the April, 1920, issue under the title "Americans Forever".)

ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York, 1920. \$2.50. (Contains "Our National Bird," which appeared in the October, 1926, issue under the title "Keep Looking and Some Day You'll See Him", and "Our Other National Bird", which appeared

in the December, 1926, issue under the same title.)

GOD HAVE MERCY ON US. By William T. Scanlon. Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass. 1929. \$2.50. (August—December, 1929.)

LORDS OF THE WILD. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. William Morrow & Company, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, 1929. \$2. (Contains "The Black Devil" which appeared in the March, 1927, issue; "The Wolf Moon", which appeared in the July, 1927, issue; "Black Death", which appeared in the January, 1928, issue and "The Masked Death", which appeared in the April, 1928, issue.)

HERE'S LUCK. By Hugh Wiley. J. H. Sears & Company, 114 East 32d Street, New York, 1928. \$2. (December, 1927—July, 1928.)

UNDER the heading "'South C'lina,' Indeed!" the Columbia (South Carolina) State recently rose up editorially to tell the world this: "The American Legion Monthly for December carries interesting writeups of various features of the national convention of the Legion held in Louisville in October. A parade of representatives from all the States is a regular part of such conventions, and the long procession of gaily uniformed Legionnaires and their lovely ladies must be an interesting sight. In the description of this parade at Louisville a paragraph goes to each delegation, and this is what is said of the representatives from our State: 'The distinguishing features of the South C'lina contingent were a swell drum corps from Spartanburg, some beautiful young ladies in costume, and Col. J. Monroe Johnson.' The 'swell drum corps,' 'the beautiful young ladies' plus Col. J. Monroe Johnson undeniably made a creditable exhibit. Colonel Johnson could be a whole parade in himself; 'beautiful young ladies' from the Palmetto State could make an entire beauty show; and of course the iodine-fed band could far out-toot anything from the less-favored sections.' Why, though, should this group be described as from 'South C'lina'? This is a mispronunciation of the state name that follows us as closely and as mistakenly as the idea that all our men are long-whiskered 'cunnels' and all our women helpless, small-footed, weak-handed ladies. Guiltless of 'r's' he may be, but your true denizen of the Palmetto State gives this one in the name of his home a good round flourish; and the orator or politician positively rolls it under his tongue in his declamation about 'grand old South Car-ro-lina.' Our 'deah' friends from the North have got us wrong on this as on other little inimitable matters of dialect." We pause for a reply.

L. A. DOWNS, who has been president of the Illinois Central System since 1926, is, like practically everybody else, a native of Indiana. He began railroading with the Vandalia in 1895, and in 1896 joined the Illinois Central and remained with it until 1920, when he became vice-president and general manager of the Central of Georgia. He became president of this road in 1924, and remained with it for two years, when he assumed the same position with the Illinois Central.

FRANCES J. GULICK, author of "Y Girl," a daughter of the late Dr. Luther H. Gulick was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, and educated in New York City and in Germany. She lives in South Casco, Maine. In her chronicle of service with the A.E.F. Miss Gulick has omitted one or two things, for example: A paragraph in a battle citation by Brigadier General Frank Parker, commanding the First Infantry Brigade: "Miss Frances Gulick, Y.M.C.A. (attached to 1st U. S. Engineers), welfare worker, who has displayed the finest qualities of energy, courage and devotion . . . notably during the aerial bombardment of Varmaise, on May 30, 1918, where, in spite of many casualties in the town, she remained at her post. From then until the Division was relieved in July of 1918, Miss Gulick, with total disregard of her own personal safety, continued to operate her canteen, although the town was shelled and bombed and her canteen tent itself was struck by a bomb."

OF THE letters approving R. G. Kirk's article on "Who's Making the Whoopee?" which appeared in the December Monthly we are glad to select that of Dr. J. Milton Ward of Oakland, California, for publication—the fact that he is a physician gives his opinion added weight: "Permit me to express my appreciation of the article by R. G. Kirk. It is one of the best of many good articles in The American Legion Monthly, and by far the best I have yet seen on the subject . . . May he keep on until he does 'reform' the morons and mental degenerates who can see in the actions of freedom of our younger generation only a reflection of their own evil thoughts and longings. Twenty years in the general practice of medicine has convinced me that we have little to fear from the sons and daughters of a new-found, normal freedom."

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

Emblem Catalog

1930

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